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WEEKLY TOLEDO BLADE

OUR NEW CHINA SET OFFER.

SEE FOURTH PAGE.

VOLUME LIX. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1891. NUMBER 11.

Our Story Teller.

Miss Hammerton flung an afghan over one arm; tucked a new novel and box of candy under the other, and picking up a large white umbrella walked down to the beach where she spread out the afghan and unfurled the umbrella. "There!" she remarked emphatically, "at last I am comfortable!"

The sea-breeze, cool, fresh and full of light, kissed a bright color into her face as she lay watching the green, white-crested waves come roaring in, only to creep softly up the sand and sink silently away, leaving an irregular line of foam to tell how far they had dared come.

And beyond these stretched the blue sea, smiling and dimpling in the sparkling sunlight as though it loved the white-winged boats and ever-varying shadows cast on it by the clouds.

It was a glorious morning, even for Nantucket. Miss Hammerton turned her happy face up to the serene sky, where circled a sea-gull; in the sunshine its white breast gleamed like silver.

"Day-dreami g, Betty?" asked some one, peering under the umbrella at her.

"O, it's you, is it?" and Miss Hammerton, sitting up, watched Mr. Jack Hollister seat himself on one corner of the afghan, and twirl the umbrella a little nearer him.

"Lovely day, isn't it?" he remarked blithely, possessing himself of the candy.

Miss Hammerton was, for a moment, speechlessly indignant. "Well," she said tartly, "I'd like to know who asked you to sit here?"

"Thought you'd like to have me, Betty," he answered in an aggrieved tone: "but," pausing to pick out a piece of his favorite candy, "I can go away again."

"I suppose you can stay, now that you're here," was the young lady's somewhat ungracious rejoinder; then, with sudden change of manner, "Who was the young man whom you were talking with this morning?"

"Don't trouble yourself to talk to me, Miss Hammerton; I won't bore you any longer," said Jack, rising with ironical dignity.

"O, Jack, don't go, please. Do tell me who he is."

"Well," standing up and thrusting his hands into his pockets, "he's from Boston, a young lawyer, awfully clever. He's a self-made man, and all that sort of thing, you know. They say he's going to make his mark in the world."

"Is he nice, Jack?"

"Nice? Well, I should say so. He was my chum at Harvard—and there he is now," as a young man came out of the hotel.

"Hi, there! Leighton! Mr. Leighton, Betty—my cousin, Miss Hammerton," as the gentleman came up to them.

"Will you rest sit down?" said Betty graciously and the three talked merrily for awhile. Hollister soon excused himself to the other two, and strolled off to speak to an acquaintance.

Miss Hammerton was letting some sand sift slowly through her fingers. "Doesn't that grass over there look pretty?" indicating it by a graceful motion of her little head.

Near them a patch of long green grass that had grown down almost to the

"LOVELY DAY, ISN'T IT?"

water's edge, was undulating with every breath of wind. The crisp bright waves of the incoming tide were tumbling merrily over each other, in their haste to reach the beckoning grasses.

"Yes, very pretty," answered the young man, looking at the delicate profile beside him.

A stout, middle-aged woman, passing the two, seated herself almost directly in front of them, though quite a distance away. Having opened her parasol, she commenced to read a gorgeously colored novel.

Sydney Leighton cast an amused glance at the stolid, respectable figure.

"I can't understand how any one wants to read out here. Can you?"

"No," answered Miss Hammerton, cautiously slipping a novel by the "Duchess" under the skirt of her dress. "No," more emphatically, as it disappeared from sight, "I can't!"

During the next few weeks the three were constantly together.

It was necessary for Leighton to return to Boston for a few days, and Hollister would have gone with him had it not been for his invalid mother, who would not spare him out of her sight if she could help it.

Coming back to Nantucket on the early boat, Leighton, who had gone directly to the hotel, was disappointed to find his friend had gone blue-fishing. So he wandered aimlessly around, mentally apostrophizing Jack as an idiot for going fishing, and giving vicious blows with his cane at the unoffending weeds.

"Hope he'll get sunburnt and won't catch anything." Just then he caught sight of Miss Hammerton, seated on the veranda of the hotel; he strolled over to where she was.

She closed the book and looked up at him, her face flushing slightly.

"Good morning! You seem lost without Jack," said she.

"Do I?" he answered indifferently; then, in a more animated tone, "Wouldn't you like to take a stroll about the town?"

"I don't know," said Miss Hammerton, doubtfully, "there isn't anything new to see."

"Oh, yes, there is," rejoined the young man. "There's a place where an old Quaker woman sells hot gingerbread. Jack and I had some one day, and it was good, too. Jack made love to the old woman and drew her picture while I ate his gingerbread, as well as mine," he added, laughing at the remembrance of it.

"Well, wait till I get my parasol." She was back again in a few moments.

"Is it very far?" she asked.

"O, no," answered Leighton, "not more than half a mile."

"What a dear, funny little place," cried Betty, as they reached a tiny cottage, painted a glaring white, with green blinds. The small yard was brilliant with flowers. Out of the open window came the odor of freshly baked gingerbread.

"Wonder if they don't sell it?" said Leighton. "Let's go in."

An old woman came to the door in answer to their knock. She was unconsciously knitting on a coarse gray sock as she waited for them to speak; a snowy cap surrounded the wrinkled, yellow face, out of which 'the faded blue eyes peered kindly at them.

"Wilt thee be pleased to have it out here?" she asked, when Leighton had made known their errand.

"O, yes, by all means," cried Miss Hammerton, seating herself in a clumsy rocking chair.

The young man sat down on the floor of the porch, bracing his shoulders against the side of the house and his feet against the opposite post, a position more expressive of ease than of elegance.

The tall hollyhocks in all shades of red nodded gaily to the irresolute, white butterflies fluttering around them. Sober bachelor's button, larkspur, pinks, sweet peas and sweet William and other dear old fashioned flowers grew together in the greatest friendliness. Near them an old hen was scratching busily at the roots of some brilliant marigolds and clucking contentedly now and then to her chickens.

Betty caught and held for a moment one of the tiny things, which were like balls of yellow down.

"Isn't it cunning? Its eyes are just like jet beads," she said, putting down the frightened little thing.

"Indeed," drawled Leighton in a tone implying that he didn't care what its eyes resembled.

The smiling old Quakeress brought them each a plate of gingerbread and a blue and white china mug of milk.

In the warm, golden air, heavy with the fragrance of honeysuckle, the bees

"ISN'T SHE A LITTLE BEAUTY?"

buzzed dizzily, one intoxicated fellow alighting on Miss Hammerton's gingerbread. Through the open window the young girl saw the old woman knitting in her high-backed chair at the opposite window. Such poor, old, worn out hands! There was a mist in the girl's pitying eyes for a moment.

On the strip of rag carpet laid across the well scrubbed floor, a large yellow and white cat getting up, stretched itself, opened its pink mouth in a luxurious yawn, and lay down again. Betty glanced at the indifferent, handsome face opposite her; its owner looked up and smiled pleasantly. He liked the girl well enough; she was constantly reminding him of Jack. There was the same airy carriage of the head, infectious laugh, and swift, sympathetic changes of expression. She made a little gesture reminding him of her cousin. He glanced at her kindly, affectionately, but the look which softened his whole face was for the absent Jack and the—gingerbread!

Miss Hammerton flushed warmly. While Leighton went inside to pay for the lunch, she stood tearing one of the hollyhock leaves into tiny pieces with quick, nervous fingers; through the red parted lips her breath came and went tremulously. What a beautiful world it was! In all her glad young life she had never been so suddenly, so unreasonably glad as now.

She passed out of the gate and walked slowly down the street. Leighton overtook her in a few moments.

"Were you going to let me walk home alone, Miss Hammerton? I wonder if Jack's got in yet?" looking at his watch.

They walked silently on. Betty, for once not caring to talk; Leighton, too indifferent to maintain any conversation. As they neared the hotel, Leighton gave a laugh, expressive of the highest degree of satisfaction.

"There's Jack! Look at his nose," he said, in answer to Betty's inquiring glance, "Did you ever see a more brilliant red?" The young man coming toward them put his hand up to his face, "Don't," he begged piteously.

"You poor boy," cried his cousin, "how did you get so burned?"

"You might paint it white," suggested Leighton.

"For shame," said Miss Hammerton severely. Then to her cousin, "I'll give you some cold cream to put on it, Jack, but if I were you, I wouldn't go fishing again, for you do look awfully homely."

"Wish you'd hurry and get the stuff then, for it's nearly killing me," groaned the owner of the luckless nose.

As his kind-hearted little cousin went to get it, he turned with an engaging smile to Leighton. "It doesn't hurt a bit, but I wanted to see you alone. Got something to tell you."

The next afternoon the three drove over to "Surf Side," the south side of the island. There had been a storm during the night, and the young artist, hearing that the surf would be very fine, decided to make a study of it. The sparkling sunlight, the cool breeze from the sea that blew the brilliant white clouds across the sky and the open moorlands put the young people in the best of humor. Even Leighton grew slightly animated under the spontaneous gayety of the other two. In the glorious sunlight and the keen, salt air, his blonde beauty was that of a young Viking whose superb vitality showed itself in the crisp gold of his hair and the intense blue of his eyes.

When they reached the shore, Hollister grew enthusiastic over the surf and was at work in a few moments. Miss Hammerton and Leighton were like children in their simple physical enjoyment of the perfect afternoon; they would run backwards again and again from the great waves chasing swiftly up the sand. Once the young man in his haste to get away from one threatening fellow, slipped and fell in anything but a graceful manner. His disconcerted air as he rose and brushed the sand off his clothes, provoked merry laughter from the girl, who, sitting down on the sand proceeded to trace pictures in it with the end of her parasol.

"Come here a second, Syd," called Jack. "There, how's the effect so far?"

Miss Hammerton watched the two faces bending over the sketch. Both were young, both good, Jack's the more lovable, Sydney's the handsomer; the one dark, eager, sensitive, with irregular features, contrasted forcibly with the other's habitually calm and elegantly cut face.

Jack looked dreamily off to sea, but Leighton's blue eyes rested kindly on his friend. The love for Hollister was just then, the one genuine affection he had.

He went back to Betty and sat down opposite her; she had taken off her hat and wrapped a white woolen shawl around her that brought out the brilliant rose of her radiant face, half turned away, so that he noticed how the breeze made a halo of the brown curls outlining the shape of her little head.

"Yes," thought Leighton, "she is very pretty."

The girl glanced at him with an arch little smile and he smiled back at her.

"I believe I am a little in love with you, you pretty thing," he said to himself, still smiling at her.

The afternoon passed pleasantly away. Jack, whistling merrily, would some times stop abruptly as he grew interested in his work, then as the interest abated, blithely taking up the tune again. At last he finished. "Come here and see how you like it," said he, getting up and stepping away to survey the picture critically.

"It's lovely, Jack!" cried Betty, enthusiastically. It was a view of the crested surf, with a glimpse of misty blue sky and sea-gulls circling across it.

Jack drew out his watch. "Time we were going," he said, replacing it in his pocket, and carefully removing his sketch.

They trudged laboriously through the sand up to the rickety old carriage. After driving about a mile over the rolling moorlands they came upon a large patch of wild roses. Miss Hammerton and Leighton went to get some.

"Why don't you come and help, Jack?" pouted the girl, examining a tiny scratch on her wrist.

"Not much," laughed her cousin, lazily clasping his hands behind his head and yawning.

"Don't you want to walk home?" asked Leighton, cutting away some of the thorns so that the flowers he had picked could be held more easily.

Miss Hammerton looked across the breezy moors.

"It will be a lovely walk," persuaded the young man.

"Very well," answered the young girl. "Let's walk home," she called, addressing Jack.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed that astonished youth. "Are you crazy? I see myself getting out and walking. You may, though, if you're in need of exercise." He climbed over into the back seat and stretching out his long legs, lit a cigar. "Get up that old bag o' bones of yours, will you?" he politely requested the driver, Then as the lumbering old rockaway drove off he thrust his curly head with its jaunty cap out at the side of the carriage. "Hope you'll have a nice walk," he called derisively. "It's only a little over two miles further."

As the two walked on Leighton was surprised to find himself talking to her of his past life, which had not been an easy one. He spoke with the usual egotism of a man who imagines he has become successful through his own efforts alone.

"Oh," cried Betty as he furnished a little incident of his boyhood, "and you were as poor as that! Jack said you worked your own way through college. He told me that before I knew you (we were in Paris then); he said that he should be contented to be just like you in every way." Her brown eyes sought his wistfully.

"Did Jack say that, that he would like to be like me?" and Leighton's rather hard blue eyes softened, as always at the thought of his friend. They were nearing the gray, old town and turned for a last look over the breezy moorlands they had just traversed, now faintly purpled in the distance.

Miss Hammerton lifted admiring eyes to Leighton. "You have worked so much, and I, I have done nothing. I have only been happy!" She uttered the last words in a self-reproachful tone. The man at her side would have laughed if the remark had not touched him vaguely. was suddenly and consciously tender of the girl.

"Only been happy," he repeated, looking down at her; his glance was a caress. "She is merely a pretty child; I would like to kiss her," and he felt quietly amused at the thought. But he looked down again at the moist little mouth that was like a delicate, scarlet flower, and bending his handsome head, kissed it quickly and lightly. The young girl gave a startled movement, the bunch of roses fell from her hands and lay scattered on the ground. Leighton picked them up and returned them to her.

"Ah, my poor flowers," she said, gently uplifting her face for a moment. It was such a trustful young face, that he had the grace to feel a little ashamed of himself, a new sensation in his cold, complacent nature. A carriage was coming up rapidly toward them, and as it came nearer they recognized Jack.

"Thought I'd come back and meet you," he explained. "I had a lovely view of the old wind-mill a little further down, and it took me such a long time to make a decent sketch that I returned to pick you up."

They got in without much urging. As the old rockaway started off he half turned around to survey the two in the back seat, a friendly grin on his expressive countenance.

"Well," he placidly commented, "you are a pretty looking pair! Syd is mud from top to toe and there's a big scratch on his face. Been clawing him?" This last addressed to Miss Hammerton, who did not deign to answer.

"Oh, well," continued the irrepressible, "you needn't be so dignified, for you're not a bit better looking than he is; you're as red as a boiled lobster, and your hair looks like a crazy woman's."

Leighton felt an intense desire to shake the young man in front of him, but wisely refrained as he remembered how Jack had distinguished himself at college by reason of his acrobatic feats.

When they reached the hotel the young girl went directly up to her room, and entering it locked the door. Taking off her dress, she let down her pretty brown hair, smiling and blushing a little at her reflected image; suddenly she threw the brush she held down on the floor, and going over to a chair near the open window, knelt down, dropping her rosy, smiling little face on her bare folded arms.

"Dear God," she said, raising her head after awhile, "I thank you so much. Ah, how she loved Leighton! "He is so good and noble, and he loves me, me!" she whispered trustfully, her glad eyes on the tender paling sky. Happy little Betty! She had not yet seen her idol's feet of clay.

It must be confessed, however, that her sweet expression suddenly changed, as rising, see surveyed herself in the mirror, frowning slightly.

"That horrid Jack!" she said aloud in a tone savoring strongly of disgust: "as red as a lobster, a boiled lobster! If I don't pay him back!" With which admirable sentiment Miss Hammerton proceeded to pin up the brush and arrange the soft masses of her hair.

That evening after partaking of a supper which proved that every young woman when in love, does not necessarily lose her appetite, Miss Hammerton strolled down to the dock, where her cousin was in ecstacies over a double-seated canoe which had just been finished for him.

"Hello, Bet," he cried, as that young lady came up, "want to try it?" As it was a fine moonlight evening Miss Hammerton did not hesitate, and the two paddled gaily off, for they were both experts at canoeing.

"Isn't she a little beauty!" exclaimed the young man, as the canoe glided off.

"Who, me!" asked his cousin, innocently, then, "Wait a second, Jack, isn't that Mr. Leighton?"

A canoe paddled by a young man shot swiftly toward them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Strained Relations.

Archibald—You are related to her by marriage, are you not?

Frigiday—No; I'm her brother by refusal.—[Puck.

Poetry.

For THE BLADE.

A CLIMAX.

BY BERT H. WHITAKER.

"The same Supreme Power," said the preacher—
To his words great solemnity giving—
"That created the elephant monstrous,
"Made the tiniest insect that's living—

"And the same Hand that fashioned the mountains,
"Placed the gold in them"—gestures quite crazy—

"And the Power that made *me*"—hand on bosom—
"Made, brothers and sisters, a *daisy*."

LENT.

The annual Lenten days have come,
The meekest of the year;
The dress suit and the decollete
Together disappear;
The "light, fantastic toe" retires
To rest in slippered ease,
And novelettes are taken up
The modern belle to please.

Upon the festal board appears
No epicurean dish;
The salads and et ceteras
Do abdicate to fish;
The faster members of the ton
Now seasonably fast,
And every seventh day devote
To a fining-up repast.

The maiden and the cavalier
Do practice self denial,
And emphasize their faith upon
Dame's ever-changing dial;
But whatsoev'er the maiden saves—
You may depend upon it—
Will be contributed unto
The darling Easter bonnet.
—[Boston Courier.

MY MOTHER'S PIES.

Oh! did you ever eat a poem? tell me!
What, "never"—did I catch the right reply?
I'll tell you, then—I did. No harm befell me—
I live and thrive, to champion mother's pies.

Then, if you like, I'll tell you all about it;
And I am sure, when finished, you'll agree—
How you have managed all these years without it
You'll wonder, I am positive, with me.

First to the bath my dear, old-fashioned mother
Proceeded; then combed hair and donned fresh clothes—
Donned apron fresh—she ne'er used any other—
And dawned upon the kitchen like a rose.

Then, having seen to bakeboard and to fire,
To fuel, and to everything, indeed—
Into the sacred pantry she'd retire,
And there, with careful hands, her crust would knead.

And here begins the curious feature of it,
As briskly beating, under the above;
Still keeping deftly turned, with flour above it
She rolled the mass, she lifted it with—love!

And now it took a toothsome, nutty flavor:
Not sticky—firm as could be to the hand;
And one began to snuff afar the savor
That was to come, when mother's pies were panned.

She from the pantry closet took her peaches—
Not canned (I "cut of season,") but in jars;
For to this wisdom yet my memory reaches;
There's something in the tin the fruit that mars.

(Your scientific phrases are above me;
My mother meddled little more than I
With science. * * * For its quibblets do not love me—
I could not name them over did I try.)

Then dipping in the lard her dainty digits,
First having cleansed them well, the white as snow,
She greases all the plates, and busily fidgets
From board to oven—the fire must be "just so."

Then, having pressed her dough on plate, she fills it—
First, with the funniest thing you ever heard;
For from her heart with lavish hands she spills it—
A pinch of patience and a loving word.

Over them both a layer of peaches, mingled
With sugar and with love, a plenteous store,
And—all in order, "separately singled"
For oven, mother's pies need nothing more.

Except some abler pen to sing their praises,
And mouths enough to eat 'em up, say I—
Forgive my lengthy song—no subject raises
The poet in me like my mother's pie.
—[Letitia Virginia Douglas in Table Talk.

NEW YORK SUN-BEAMS.

Good Short Stories from the Big New York Paper.

A dilapidated-looking old man, who was chewing sassafras root with great energy, suddenly appeared in the waiting room of the Erie depot across the river, and as he approached a man who was waiting for a Western train he pulled a bottle of liquid from an old satchel in his hand and said:

"My friend, you are looking yaller about the eyes, which is a sure sign that your blood is in a bad state. One bottle of my blood purifier will restore you to health and vigor."

"Don't want it, sir," was the curt reply.

"All right, mister, all right. If a feller wants to keep on looking yaller about the eyes when a pannycea is at hand, that's his own business. Long 'bout the middle of April you'll be on your back with a spell of bilious fever, but you needn't lay it up agin me."

The next person approached was a severe-looking woman, about 35 years of age, who was probably an old maid.

"Them yaller streaks at the corner of your mouth denote a torpid liver, ma'am," said the man as he gave the bottle a shake. "Strithlu' right here to improve your looks 50 per cent in two weeks."

"Sir!" she demanded, in icy tones.

"Only 50 cents a bottle, ma'am, and made right in my own house, from herbs and roots gathered by own hand. Just opened the spring campaign, and the price is only 50 cents a bottle."

"Go away, sir!" she commanded, loudly.

"Don't want any, eh?"

"No, sir!"

"All right, madam—all right. Torpid liver may be a good thing to have about the house, but I don't think so. Here's your pannycea, and if you don't want it I can't compel you to buy it."

The third person was a man with a marked redness of nose and rough spots on his face. He was busy with a newspaper when the old man approached and said:

"One bottle will cure that nose, or money refunded."

"What! What's that?" demanded the man.

"And the second bottle will cause every rough spot to disappear, though it would be safer for you to take a third. Three bottles for $1.25, or 50 cents for a single bottle. I war——"

"Look a here, you old reprobate! What are you driving at?" exclaimed the patient, as he stood up.

"I am selling a blood purifier, made of roots and herbs. It's a little early, perhaps, but I want to get the start of the buckwheat scratches. Are you a drinking man?"

"Do you mean to insult me to my face, sir? Why, I'll punch your head for a cent!"

"Wouldn't do no good, mister. Here's the only genuine blood purifier in market, and last year I sold 7,000 bottles of it. Invigorates the liver, tones up the blood, and it can't cure that nose of yours I don't want a cent."

"I'll purify you, you old assassin!" shouted the man; and he was peeling off his overcoat to do it when the depot policeman came up and told the old man he must go out.

"And not sell a bottle of my blood purifier in this crowd?" he asked.

"Come, out you go!"

"And you don't want a bottle for yourself? You've got a jaudice look, and this 'ere stuff will knock the jaudice into a cocked hat in just five doses."

He was led out and told not to re-enter the depot; but he stood at the door and said to the policeman through the glass window:

"All right, officer, all right. If the people don't want my purifier they needn't have it. It's the season to purify, but I never go agin the law; and if there's a rampage of bilious fever next spring, don't say I wasn't around with my pannycea at regular price."

Takin' It Out of Dad.

A dozen of us sat watching a game of quoits at a summer resort hotel in New Hampshire, when a little old man, who looked as if he might have lived for a century, came skating around with a chip on his shoulder, and, after parading up and down in front of the group, he stopped and said:

"Nobody dasn't do it! I kin lick the man who knocks this chip off my shoulder!"

His defiance was so inconsistent with his white hair and tottering legs that everybody laughed, but he spit on his hands, jumped up and knocked his heels together, and shouted in his cracked voice:

"Jest agree not to take the law on me and I'll lick the best man in the crowd! I'll leave it to Squar' Johnson if I hain't had over fifty fights in this county, and made the other feller holler every time!"

At that moment a boy about 16 years of age, who proved to be a son, came up, and said:

"Come, dad, we'd better be going."

"Not yit, Bill," was the reply. "I've come up here to lick somebody, and I'm going to do it afore I go home! Put a chip on my shoulder, Bill, and I'll dare anybody to knock it off!"

"Come, father; these men don't want to fight."

"But I'm spilin', Bill. I've got to maul somebody or bust. I've bin growin' cantankerous for six weeks, and the climax has come! Whoop! I'll give anybody a two-year-old steer to call me a liar! Who'll look cross-eyed at me fur five dollars?"

The boy grabbed the old man by the collar and hip, gave him a side twist, and next instant he was standing on his head, and being held in that position. The son took matters very calmly, and while he held his father thus, he explained:

"I know just what to do with dad. When he gets to bilin' over I have to take it out of him in this fashion."

"I give up, Bill, I'm a licked man!" yelled "dad" on the heels of the explanation; and as he was let up and started for home he continued:

"Durn ye, Bill, if ye'll only come at me rough-and-tumble and 'low me to kick and bite I kin lick a hoss-barnful of sich fellers as you be!"

"Laying On of Hands."

My friend, the agent of a Buffalo wall-paper house, was "taking on" with a headache in the waiting room of the big depot in Philadelphia, when a slick-looking stranger about 25 years of age sat down beside us and asked:

"Is the ache mostly over your eyes or in the back of your head?"

"It's all over my head," groaned the victim.

"Exactly. Proceeds from a nervous state of the system. Ah! your pulse is away up. Let me see your tongue. I thought so; a cold current of air has chilled the nerves along the spine, and a smashing headache is the result."

"Are you a physician?" I asked.

"Well, no, not in the ordinary sense. I am called a professor. Some call me a fakir, even. I effect cures by what is called laying on of hands. You are skeptical of course; but I'll agree to cure your friend here in ten minutes or forfeit $50."

"For heaven's sake go ahead!" groaned Tom. "if you can cure me in an hour I'll give you $10."

We went down into the baggage department, where the performance wouldn't attract so much attention, and the fellow began passing his hands over Tom's head and face, and also rubbing his hands. He hadn't worked a minute before Tom said he felt better, and in ten the headache was entirely gone.

"Now, don't offer to pay me or I shall be offended," he said, as he stopped work, "and you'd better sit quiet right where you are for about ten minutes. Close your eyes, thus, and lean back a little more, so."

He bowed himself out in a graceful way and had been gone fifteen minutes when Tom carefully arose, opened his eyes, and suddenly called out:

"Robbed, by thunder!"

The fakir got $90 in cash, a railroad ticket to Washington, and a diamond pin worth $125, and the police haven't nabbed him to this day.—[N. Y. Sun.

HIS WEAK SPOT.

How the Chicago Drummer Beat Old Stingy.

One evening four or five drummers and agents who had been working Quincy, Ill., to no purpose were discussing their ill-luck in the office of the hotel, when one observed:

"There's an old shad down here in a hardware store who makes me tired. This is about the fifteenth time I've tried for an order, and it's no go."

"Old chap with a big nose on him?" queried one of the others.

"Yes."

"Ordered me out doors, confound him."

"And he told me," said a third, "that he never bought of an agent, trusted a stranger, or got caught on any man's game."

"That's old Blank to a dot," put in the landlord. "He's as sharp as he is stingy."

Considerable more was said in the same strain, but by and by a man who had registered from Chicago put in:

"Boys, it's all in understanding human nature. Bet you $5 even up that I can get $10 out of him in fifteen minutes, and that without value received or signing my name to a paper."

His money was covered instantly, and next morning he took one of the crowd down to the store, introduced himself, and said:

"Mr. Blank, the governor of this state gave me your name as a prominent resident of this neighborhood. Our house is publishing county histories of Illinois. Every subscriber at $25 has a full-paged portrait and two pages of reading matter. I shall take only five in this city, and you being the most prominent resident I have called upon you first."

Well, sir, in just twelve minutes he had old Blank's order for a book, and $10 paid down as a guarantee that he would take it. He had hit him in the weak spot, and our money fell into his pocket with a thud which could be heard clear across the hotel office.—[N. Y. Sun.

It Was Not He That Worried.

"Now, sir," cried Mr. Bagwig, ferociously, "attend to me! Were you not in difficulties a few months ago?"

"No."

"Now, sir! Attend to my question. I ask you again, and pray be careful in answering, for you are on your oath, I need hardly remind you. Were you not in difficulties some months ago?"

"No; not that I know of."

"Sir, do you pretend to tell this court that you did not make a composition with your creditors a few months ago?"

A bright smile of intelligence spread over the ingenious face of the witness as he answered:

"Oh! ah! That's what you mean, is it? But, you see, it was my creditors who were in difficulties and not me."—[The Green Bag.

Her Momentous Question.

Mr. Slowcoach—Miss Mamie, I have come to-night to ask you a question which I have long had in my mind to ask.

Miss Mamie (expectantly)—Indeed, why I am sure if I can answer any question, I shall be very glad to do so.

Mr. Slowcoach—Yes, I have long wanted to ask you something, but I did not know whether you would care to hear.

Miss Mamie—You know, Mr. Slowcoach, that I should be glad to hear whatever you might say.

Mr. Slowcoach—Well, then, Mamie—that is of course, Miss Mamie—do you think I look better in a standup or in a turndown collar?—[Boston Courier.

Spring Poetry That Has Practical Use.

The following is one of the many legends to be found on the empty barrels of the Ladies' Improvement association of Green Cove:

My name is Empty Barrel;
I'm hungry for a meal;
Pray fill me full, stranger,
With trash and orange peel.
—[Savannah News.

Our Serial Story.

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BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE MILLONIA.

Only the stern of the Sylvia could be seen at first; but it was evident that she was getting the full force of the strong wind, for as her unseen bow leaped into the air, her after part sunk down beneath the caps of the waves.

"What is the matter with her?" asked Ray, after he had looked for a moment at the the half of the Sylvia. "She does not move at all; has she anchored?"

"Did you leave any anchor on board of her?" asked Knox.

"Our boat has a little anchor, which we carry under the thwarts; but I had the stock rigged, and put the anchor in the bow, for I thought we might have to use it," replied Ray.

"I don't think she is anchored, for the fellows are pulling with all their might. They ought to get ahead faster than they seem to be doing."

A moment later the Marion passed beyond the shelter of Sickle Point, and began to feel the full force of the wind. She heeled over to it, and began to dart ahead at a furious rate, even under her reefed mainsail. The waves broke over her half deck forward, and it looked like a lively time to the Duckwoods, who were no more accustomed to the erratic ways of a sailboat in a blow than the Rockwoods had been.

"What in the world are they trying to do now?" asked Rock Lyon, who was not at all disturbed by the antics of the boat.

"Farn Tunston is in the bow hauling in on a rope," replied Knox. "She must have had it overboard."

"It was hooked over the bow the last time I saw it," added Ray.

"I see what the matter is," said Knox, laughing as though he was very much amused at something; and his mirth did some little good, for it assured the members of the Duckwood club that there was no danger in the heeling over of the craft, which had made them rather nervous.

"Well, what is the matter, Knox?" asked Ray, bracing up his backbone when he saw that the skipper felt perfectly at home.

"That anchor on the bow has been shaken off and fallen into the water. They have been rowing so far with the anchor down, and the wind and the mud-hook were too much for them," chuckled the skipper. "But they have got it on board, and they will be all right."

Farn was seen to haul the anchor, and put it in a safe place. Then he resumed his position on the forward thwart, and gave way with his companions. The shouts of Laud could be heard above the surging of the waves as he urged his crew to increased exertions. This was an easy thing for him to do, seated in the stern with nothing to do but handle the tiller lines; but it was terribly hard work for the oarsmen, with the little experience they had, to pull against the strong wind and the heavy sea.

The boat leaped up and down, and the crew pulled with all their strength; but the Sylvia seemed to make but little headway against the elements. The Marian was exactly astern of her as she came out of the bay. It is not possible for a sailboat to go dead to windward, and Knox braced his sails sharp up, and headed her to the north, which was as close to the wind as she could lie.

"They are getting ahead a little now," said the skipper, when the Marian had reached a position to the westward of Camp Island. "But I don't believe those fellows will hold out till they get to the other side of the lake; they are wasting a good deal of their strength, for they are in a flurry."

"The moral is, that they ought to keep cool," added Ray.

"Precisely; when green hands are rowing a boat, they watch to see how fast they are getting ahead. In a rough time they don't get along much, and that discourages them. Then they put in all they know how, and soon wear themselves out, besides pulling to a very great disadvantage."

"I suppose that is a warning to me, Knox."

"Yes, and to all your fellows. If you could blindfold your crew, it would be better for them. Like the pendulum of he old clock in the farmer's kitchen, they think they have to do all their wagging in a second of time; and that is what the Rockwoods are doing in the Sylvia. You do not have to pull but one stroke at a time, and you can do it better if you don't think of the next one."

"You did not finish what you were saying about going inside of Camp Island," suggested Ray.

"I am afraid you can not get inside of it," replied Knox. "To run from here to the eastward of the island would keep your boat in the trough of the sea all the way. We will see about that later. Ready, about, Rock?"

The Marian was now abreast the northern part of the island, and the order of the skipper indicated that he intended to come about or tack. The craft worked very lively in the stiff breeze, and she was laying her course to the westward in a minute more. The Sylvia had made so little progress that this direction would soon bring her directly across the track of the rowboat.

Laud was still doing his best to stimulate his crew to do better work; but they did not stimulate worth a farthing, and the fact was that the fellows were well nigh exhausted already. They had wasted the most of their strength in a war against the wind and the anchor united; but their coxswain did not realize at all that his oarsmen could be tired.

"Take in the jib, Rock!" called the skipper, when the sloop was nearly in the position where Knox had decided to meet the issue.

Rock obeyed the order, and stowed the sail on the bowsprit, though he got a wet jacket in doing it. The Marian continued on her course with her reduced sail; but she worked well under the mainsail in such a breeze.

"Now we are right in her path," said Rob Vivian, who was more of a woodsman than a sailor.

"Suppose she should run into the Marian?" suggested Ray.

"I don't think she would do us any harm, though she might make a dent on our broadside," replied Knox. "But I don't mean to let her make even a dent. Have a fender ready, Rock."

The skipper put the helm down, which caused the sloop to come about so that she pointed directly into the wind, the mainsail shaking and banging in the breeze; but the boom was high enough so that the passngers were in no danger of being knocked on the head by it. The Marian having lost the steadying power of her sails, began to pitch in the sea; but she was large enough not to be badly affected by the motion.

"What are you about, Knox Barnwood?" yelled Laud, when he saw the sloop directly in his course; and if he did not know what the effect of getting his long craft into the trough of the sea would be, it was because he failed to profit by the instructions of Knox.

"I want that boat!" shouted the skipper.

"You can't have her!" returned Laud, though his tired crew would have been glad to give it up for comfortable seats on board of the Marian.

Knox made no reply to this response of the chief of the Rockwoods. He was watching very closed the position of both boats, and evidently had arranged his plan of operations. The two crafts were not more than 50 feet apart; but the sloop was drifting to leeward, thus bringing her still nearer to the Sylvia.

"Ease off!" called Laud to his crew. "Just keep her as she is!"

Knox promptly comprehended the tactics of the cockswain, and they required a new movement on his part. He allowed the mainsail to fill, and when the sloop had steerage way, he ran directly towards the bow of the Selvia.

"Stand by with the small boathook, Rock," said the skipper. "I want you to catch her painter, and haul it on board. Then let the boat come to at the leeward of us."

"Ay, ay, sir!" returned the crew of one hand.

"What are you going to do, Knox?" demanded Laud, who seemed to be somewhat startled when he saw the Marian bearing down directly upon him, as it seemed to him.

"I told you that I wanted that boat; you stole it from its rightful owners, and I am going to give it back to them," replied Knox, without any irritation in his tones or manner, as he put the helm down.

The Marian came up into the wind, her bow sweeping around by the head of the rowboat. It was Rock's time to act, and he very skillfully hooked up the painter of the Sylvia. As the sloop swept around, she compelled the rowers on the starboard to trail their oars.

"This is an outrage, Knox Barnwood!" roared Laud, hoarse with wrath.

"I know it; but I am going to have that boat."

"If you don't keep off you will upset us!" yelled Laud.

"If I do, I will pick you all up."

"You shall pay dearly for this, Knox."

"Perhaps I shall; but I am not a millionaire, and you can't squeeze milk out of a millstone. You fellows will all come on board of the Marion, and I will do my best to land you on West River," said Knox, very good-naturedly.

"You have no right to take this boat from me!" protested Laud.

"That's a great moral question, and I can't stop to argue now," replied Knox, who was busy with the sail of the boat, and bringing her into the position he desired.

Both crafts were badly shaken up, and Rock was very busy with the fender. Rob Vivian had taken the painter of the Sylvia at the request of the crew, when the latter had his hands full. Either because he managed the line too much or too little, the rowboat worked her bow ahead of the sloop, so that a heavy wave struck her, causing her to heel over till she scooped up a quantity of water on her lee side.

"Haul in that painter!" shouted Knox, when he saw what had been done.

Bob obeyed the order very vigorously, and the moment the Sylvia was near enough, the entire crew of the boat sprang on board of the sloop, in mortal terror of being dumped into the lake. They did not wait for an order from Laud, who alone remained at his post, not exactly in obedience to the legend that the captain should be the last to leave his ship.

"What are you about, fellows?" demanded the cockswain, when he found himself deserted by his crew.

"I am not hankering after a bath just now," replied French Wilson, who had been assisted to his place by Ray, as his companions had by other members of the Duckwood club.

"Come back into the boat, every one of you!" called Laud, beside himself with anger.

"No, I thank you," replied French.

"Do you mean to desert me, you cowards?" demanded the lonely cockswain.

"Look here, Laud, we have had enough of this thing, and it must not last any longer," Knox interposed. "I want that boat, and I am going to have it!"

"Not while there is anything left of me."

"Come aft, Rock," said Knox, as he shifted the heim so as to bring the after part of the sloop abreast of the cockswain.

The son of the west shore magnate was within his reach, and as he still refused to yield possession of the stolen boat, Knox seized him by the collar, and dragged him out of his seat; and he was likely to fall into the lake when Rock reinforced him, and together they dragged him inty the standing-room of the Marian. He tumbled over into the bottom of the sloop when they released him, for it was necessary to attend to the sloop.

Laud was furious; but he was allowed to exhaust his fury without and further interfence. The Marian came about for the skipper decided to run behind the point to transfer the Duckwoods to their boat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PICKKINGS FROM PUCK.

Amateur Actor.—Well, what do you think of my Hamlet?"

Candid Friend.—"Er—um—; well, to tell the truth, if I'd been the old man's ghost I'd 'a' spanked you!"

Worse Than Slippers.

Be thankful, boys, you did n't live
Of old, in Greece, or anywhere
Where grown-up people sandals wore,
And youngsters did n't trousers wear.

Willing to Oblige.

Mr. John E. Gett (at an amateur musicale)—"What 's he singing?"

Miss Van Clef—"Let Me

Recent Literature.

The Latest Volumes that Have Reached the Blade Book Table.

"How We Went and What We Saw," is a pleasantly written account of a flying trip through Egypt, Syria, and the Ægean Islands, by Charles McCormick Reeve, who starts with a party of eleven from Minneapolis for that purpose. The volume is printed in clear, bold type and well bound. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city.

In the valuable series of "Heroes of the Nations" from the same publishing house comes "Pericles and The Golden Age of Athens" by Evelyn Abbott, M. A., author of "A History of Greece," etc.

The Putnam's also issue "A Literary Manual of Foreign Quotations," both ancient and modern, with illustrations from American and English authors, with explanatory notes. The work of compilation was done by John Dean Belton.

"Principles of Social Economics," which are inductively considered and practically applied, with criticisms on current theories, has for its author George Gunton, who is known by another book in the same line, entitled "Wealth and Progress." It is published by the Putnams.

The same publishers issue in pamphlet form "Cabin and Plantation Songs" as sung by the Hampton students. Everybody knows how wondrously beautiful most of these songs are, and the public cannot fail to welcome this effort to keep permanently what is of necessity rapidly passing away.

"Passion," by G. Vere Tyler, is a wild sort of story that is extravagant in style and plot, and while it may be strong it is repulsive. It is published in paper covers by Chas H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.

In Appleton's "Town and Country Library comes "A Sensitive Plant," by E. and D. Gerard, joint authors of "Reata," "Beggar My Neighbor," and others.

The United States Book company, New York City, issues in the Westminster series, "Merry, Merry Boys," by B. L. Farjeon.

"Paris Sketches," from the German of Max Nordau, is issued by L. Schick, Chicago. The writer was also the author of "Conventional Lies of Civilization."

AN OBSTREPEROUS STOVEPIPE

Leads to a Suit at Law and Separates Husband and Wife.

Among the causes on the calendar of the Tioga county court for the term now sitting was the case of the Commonwealth against John Rathbun. The prosecutor was Rathbun's wife Mary. The couple had been married only since last August. Rathbun is 45 years old. His wife is 70. She was a widow of some means, and is pious. According to the story of the septuagenarian bride she and her husband were living happily until the coming fall weather called for the putting up of a stove in the sitting room. Rathbun, doubtless like many another man of previously peaceful mind and upright conduct, undertook the job of putting up the stove. He got the stove up all right, and there the matter would have rested if it had not been necessary to connect the stove with the chimney by means of the pipe.

Rathbun went through the usual experience of the man with the stovepipe, and had it slip off at the stove end just as he got the chimney end all right, and come out of the chimney hole when he got the stove end on, and separate at the middle joint and come down in a heap on the floor when both stove end and chimney end had consented to stay put. When the stovepipe, true to the nature of its kind the world over, had showed its unmitigated cussedness for ten minutes or so, and Husband Rathbun had sweat and absorbed soot in usual quotas, Husband Rathbun began to grit his teeth, and was moved to remark:

"Ding the thing? What in Sam Hill ails it, anyway?"

Thereupon Mrs. Rathbun was shocked, and remonstrated mildly with her consort.

"Tut, tut, John!" said she. "Tut, tut!"

Then John pitched in again and wrestled with the stovepipe, but only to wring more sweat from his brow and take on more soot. There was a glare in his eye when he addressed the stovepipe this time.

"Go! darn the thing!" he exclaimed. "I'll take the axe to its pesky picture next!"

"John!" exclaimed Mrs. Rathbun, sternly, with a horrified look in her eyes, "such language is not to be thought of beneath this roof!"

John cooled down a little and went for the stovepipe again, catch-as-catch can. By and by he got both ends located, and the middle joint did not move. He was turning away with an air of triumph when the elbow happened to remember that it was there for a purpose, and it toppled out of its place as easy as rolling off a log. The stovepipe came down with a rattle and a bang. Mrs. Rathbun says that the words her husband thereupon delivered to the prostrate pipe made her turn pale.

"Jeewhillikins! Fire and brimstone!" he yelled. "I'll pound the condemned tigh-ho and liver-grown out of every cussed joint in this septuagenarian pipe with an axe!"

Then Mrs. Rathbun rose to admonish her husband.

"John!" she began, firmly and very stern. But John did not hear her.

"I'll get a fifty-pound sledge and maul this goswizzled stove into twenty million pieces, and throw the sledge through every dod-blasted window there is in this conjiggerated ramshackel of a house!" he yelled.

Mrs. Rathbun says she was now aghast with horror At the wickedness her husband had suddenly developed. She essayed to reprove and restrain him once more, but he turned upon her and snarled:

"Shut up! If you say another dumbusted word I'll go out and get forty pounds of dynamite and put it under you and the dingnation shanty and blow you and it so everlastingly high that they'll never be able to find enough of you to stop up a knothole in a shingle! I guess I'll do it any way!" exclaimed Husband Rathbun, rushing out of the house.

It was this that filled Mrs. Rathbun with alarm, and she hurried out to seek the protection of the law. She had John arrested for threatening to destroy her and her house, and John was held for trial. He was tried before ex-United States Senator Mitchell, now president judge of the Tioga district at the present term of the court. The result was the discharge of Rathbun on his giving bonds that he would keep away from his wife and her house.

"I wouldn't have blown the old lady up, of course," Rathbun said, after leaving court, "but if ever I marry another widow she'll have to have steam heat in the house."

Pat Gilmore's Happy Hits.

There is no such original genius as a bandmaster as Patsy Gilmore. He eclipsed himself again during the funeral procession of General Sherman down Fifth avenue. As his band was about opposite the Worth monument, having been playing the "Dead March" in "Saul," he gave one of his mystic signs, and they began playing a beautiful dirge, with "Marching Through Georgia" as its theme, especially composed for the occasion. It was Gilmore who swung his musicians off a regimental march into "The Wedding March," at this same point on Fifth avenue, when Mr. Cleveland, then a bachelor, was reviewing a parade as President, while his future wife was sitting in a window of the Fifth Avenue hotel. The President's blushes showed that Gilmore had made a decided hit. It was Gilmore, too, who marched through Wall street with his band, during one of the panics, on his way to the depot, playing "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By." —[N. Y. Press.

"Spuds" Become Studs.

Great quantities of buttons are now made from potatoes. It is not generally known that if the substance of the common Irish potato be treated with certain acids it becomes almost as hard as stone, and can be used for many purposes for which horn, ivory and bone are employed. This quality of the potato adapts it to button making, and a very good grade of button is now made from the well-known tuber. The potato button can not be distinguished from others save by a careful examination, and even then only by an expert, since they are colored to suit the goods on which they are to be used, and are every whit as good looking as a button of bone or ivory. Their cheapness is a great recommendation, and will no doubt lead to a much larger employment in the future.

—BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Costiveness and Indigestion.

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE TALKS ON INTEMPERANCE

He Calls On Christians to Fight it—The Coming Downfall of the Rum Power.

Dr. Talmage continued on March 1, the series of sermons he commenced the previous Sunday on the "Ten Plagues of New York and the Adjacent Cities." The plague which he places second on the list is intemperance. The text of the Doctor's sermon was taken from Genesis ix., 20, 21: "Noah planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine and was drunken."

This Noah did the best and worst thing for the world. He built an ark against the deluge of water, but introduced a deluge against which the human race has ever since been trying to build an ark—the deluge of drunkenness. In my text we hear his staggering steps. Shem and Japhet tried to cover up the disgrace, but there he is, drunk on wine at a time in the history of the world, when, to say the least, there was no lack of water. Inebriation, having entered the world, has not retreated. Abigail, the fair and heroic wife, who saved the flocks of Nabal, her husband, from confiscation by invaders, goes home at night and finds him so intoxicated that she cannot tell him the story of his narrow escape. Uriah came to see David, and David got him drunk, and paved the way for the despoliation of a household. Even the church bishops needed to be charged to be sober, and not given to much wine, and so familiar were people of Bible times with the staggering and falling motion of the inebriate, that Isaiah, when he comes to describe the final dissolution of worlds, says: "The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard."

Ever since apples and grapes and wheat grew the world has been tempted to unbenithful stimulants. But the intoxicants of the olden time were an innocent beverage, a harmless orangeade, a quiet syrup, a peaceful soda water, as compared with the liquids of modern inebriation, into which a madness, and a fury, and a gloom, and a fire, and a suicide, and a retribution have mixed and mingled. Fermentation was always known, but it was not until a thousand years after Christ that distillation was invented. While we must confess that some of the ancient arts have been lost, the Christian era is superior to all others in the bad eminence of whisky and rum and gin. The modern drunk is a hundred-fold worse than an ancient drunk. Noah in his intoxication became imbecile, but the victims of modern alcoholism have to struggle with the male mesmergeries of serpents and jungles of hissing serpents and perditions of blaspheming demons. An arch-fiend arrived in our world, and he built an invisible cauldron of temptation. He built that cauldron strong and stout for all ages and all nations. First he squeezed into the cauldron the juices of the forbidden fruit of paradise. Then he gathered for it a distillation from the harvest fields and the orchards of the hemispheres. Then he poured into this cauldron carbonum, and copperas, and logwood, and deadly nightshade, and tannait and battery, and vitriol, and opium, and rum, and murder, and sulphuric acid, and theft, and potash, and cochineal, and red carrots, and poverty, and death, and hops. But it was a dry compound, and it must be moistened, and it must be liquefied, and so the arch-fiend poured into that cauldron the tears of centuries of orphanage and widowhood, and he poured in the blood of twenty thousand assassinations. And then the arch-fiend took a shovel that he had brought up from the furnaces beneath, and he put that shovel into this great cauldron and began to stir, and the cauldron began to heave, and rock, and boil, and sputter, and hiss, and smoke, and the nations gathered around with cups, and tankards, and demijohns, and kegs, and there was enough for all, and the arch-fiend cried: "Aha! Satan of hell, am I? Who has done more than I have for coffins, and graveyards, and prisons, and insane asylums, and the population of the lost world? And when this cauldron is emptied I'll fill it again, and I'll stir it again, and it will smoke again, and that smoke will join another smoke—the smoke of torment, which ascendeth forever and ever. I drove 50 ships on the rocks of Newfoundland and the Skerries and the Goodwins. I have ruined more Senators than gather this winter in the national councils. I have ruined more lords than are now gathered in the House of Peers. The cup out of which I ordinarily drink is a bleached human skull, and the upholstery of my palace is so rich a crimson because it is dyed in human gore, and the mosaic of my floors is made up of the bones of children dashed to death by drunken parents, and my favorite music—sweeter than Te Deum or triumphal march—my favorite music is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the street because father has come home from the carousal, and the seven-hundred-voiced shriek of the sinking steamer, because the captain was not himself when he put the ship on the wrong course. Champion fiend am I! I have killed more fires, I have wrung out more agonies, I have stretched out more midnight shadows, I have opened more Golgothas, I have rolled more Juggernauts, I have damned more souls than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I!"

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove to this audience that a drunken nation cannot long be a free nation. I call your attention to the fact that drunkenness is not subsiding, certainly that it is not at a standstill, but that it on an onward march, and it is a double-quick. There is more rum swallowed in this country, and of a worse kind, than was ever swallowed since the first distillery began its work of death. Where there was one drunken home there are ten drunken homes. Where there was one drunkard's grave there are twenty drunkards' graves. It is on the increase. Talk about crooked whisky—by which men mean the whisky which does not pay the tax of the government—I tell you all strong drink is crooked. Crooked Otard, crooked Cognac, crooked schnapps, crooked beer, crooked wine, crooked whisky—because it makes a man's path crooked, and his life crooked, and his death crooked, and his eternity crooked.

If I could gather all the armies of the dead drunkards and have them come to resurrection, and then add to that host all the armies of living drunkards, five and ten abreast, and then, if I could have you mount a horse and ride along that line for review, you would ride that horse until he dropped from exhaustion, and you would ride another horse until he fell from exhaustion, and you would take another and another, and you would ride along hour after hour, and day after day. Great hosts, in regiments, in brigades. Great armies of them. And then if you had voice stentorian enough to make them all hear, and you could give the command, "Forward, march!" their first tramp would make the earth tremble. I do not care which way you look in the community, the evil is increasing.

I call attention to the fact that there are thousands of people born with a thirst for strong drink—a fact too often ignored. Along some ancestral lines there runs the active river of temptation. There are children whose swaddling clothes are torn off the shroud of death. Many a father has made a will of this sort: "In the name of God, amen. I bequeath to my children my houses and lands and estates; share and share shall they alike. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of witnesses." And yet perhaps that very man has made another will that the people have never read and that has not been proved in the courts. That will put in writing would read something like this: "In the name of disease and appetite and death, amen. I bequeath to my children my evil habits, my tankards shall be theirs, my wine cup shall be theirs, my debauched reputation shall be theirs. Share and share alike shall they in the infamy. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of all the applauding harpies of hell."

From the multitude of those who have the evil habit born with them this army is being augmented. And I am sorry to say that a great many of the drug stores are abetting this evil. It is bitters for this, and bitters for that, and bitters for some other thing, and good men deceived, not knowing there is any thraldom of alcoholism coming from that source, are going down, and some day a man sits with the bottle of black bitters on his table, and the cork flies out, and after it flies a fiend and clutches the man by his throat, and says: "Ah! I have been after you for ten years! I have got you now. Down with you! Down with you!" Bitters! Ah! yes. They make a man's family bitter, and his home bitter, and his disposition bitter, and his death bitter. Bitters! A vast army, all the time increasing.

It seems to me it is about time for the 17,000,000 professors of religion in America to take sides. It is going to be an out-and-out battle with drunkenness and sobriety, between heaven and hell, between God and the devil. Take sides before there is any further national decadence, take sides before your sons are sacrificed and the new home of your daughter goes down under the alcoholism of the embruted husband. Take sides while your voice, your pen, your prayer, your vote may have an influence in arresting the despoilation of this nation. If the 17,000,000 professors of religion should take sides on this subject it would not be very long before the destiny of this nation would be decided in the right direction.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for rum during the last 30 years, and I will build for every workingman a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons in broadcloth, and his daughters in silks, and stand at his front door a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance, so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries, and has boycotted, and is now boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor. It annually swindles industry out of a large percentage of its earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and on the noon spell and on his way home at eventide. On Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come to the family and sacrifices it among the saloon-keepers. Stand the saloons of this city side by side, and it is carefully estimated that they would reach from New York to Chicago.

This evil is pouring its vitriolic and damnable liquors down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employes, I proclaim a universal strike against strong drink, which strike, if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who, within the next twenty years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverages and be saving, may not become a capitalist on a small scale.

Oh! how many are waiti g to see if something cannot be done for the stopping of intemperance? Thousands of drunkards waiting who cannot go ten minutes in any direction without having the temptation glaring before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, conquering, then surrendering, conquering again and surrendering again, and crying, "How long, O Lord! how long before these infamous solicitations shall be gone?" and how many exiles are waiting to see if this national curse cannot lift. Oh! is that the boy who had the honest breath who comes home with breath vitiated or disguised? What a change! How quickly those habits of early coming home have been exchanged for the rattling of the night key in the door long after the last watchman has gone by and tried to see that everything was closed up for the night! Oh! what a change for that young man who we had hoped would do something in merchandise, or in artisanship, or in a profession that would do honor to the family name long after mother's wrinkled hands are folded from the last toil! All that exchanged for startled look when the door-bell rings, lest something has happened; and the wish that the scarlet fever twenty years ago had been fatal, for then he would have gone directly to the bosom of his Saviour. But alas! poor old soul, she has lived to experience what Solomon said: "A foolish son is a heaviness to his mother."

Oh! what a funeral it will be when that boy is brought home dead! And how mother will sit there and say: "Is this my boy that I used to fondle and that I walked the floor with in the night when he was sick? Is this the boy that I dedicated to God? Is this the boy that I held to the baptismal font for baptism? Is this the boy for whom I toiled until the blood burst from the tips of my fingers, that he might have a good start and a good home? Lord, why hast thou let me live to see this? Can it be that these swollen hands are the ones that used to wander over my face when rocking him to sleep? Can it be that this swollen brow is that I once so rapturously kissed? Poor boy! how tired he does look. I wonder who struck that blow across the temples? I wonder if he uttered a dying prayer? Wake up, my son; don't you hear me? wake up! Oh! he can't hear me. Dead! dead! dead! O Absalom, my son, my son, would God that I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

I look in another direction. The church of God is the grandest and most glorious institution on earth. What a solid phalanx encompassed for the overthrow of drunkenness! Have its forces ever been marshaled? No, not in this direction. Not long ago a great ecclesiastical court assembled in New York, and resolutions arraigning strong drink were offered, and clergymen with strong drink in their cellars defeated the resolutions by threatening speeches. They could not bear to give up their own taste, and this audience will say many of you may never have thought of, that to-day—not in the millennium, but to-day—the church holds the balance of power in America; and if Christian people—the men and the women who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and to love purity, and to be the sworn enemies of all uncleanness and debauchery and sin—if all such would march side by side and shoulder to shoulder, this evil would soon be overthrown. Think of three hundred thousand churches and Sunday-schools in Christendom, marching shoulder to shoulder! How very short a time it would take them to put down this evil, if all the churches of God, transatlantic and cisatlantic, were armed on this subject!

Young men of America, pass over into the army of teetotalism. Whisky, good to preserve corpses, ought never to turn you into a corpse. Tens of thousands of young men have been dragged out of respectability, and out of purity, and out of good character, and into darkness by this infernal stuff called strong drink. Do not touch it! Do not touch it!

But this evil will be arrested. Blucher came up just before night, and saved the day at Waterloo. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon it looked very badly for the English. Generals Ponsonby and Picton had fallen. Sabers broken, flags surrendered, Scots Grays annihilated. Only 42 men left out of the German brigade. The English army falling back and falling back. Napoleon rubbed his hands together, and said: "Aha! aha! we'll teach that little Englishman a lesson. Ninety chances out of a hundred are in our favor. Magnificent! magnificent!" He even sent messages to Paris to say he had won the day. But before sundown Blucher came up, and he who had been the conqueror of Austerlitz became the victim of Waterloo. That name which had shaken all Europe, and filled even America with apprehension; that name went down, and Napoleon, muddy and hatless, and crazed with his disasters, was found feeling for the stirrup of a horse, that he might mount and resume the conflict.

Well, my friends, alcoholism is imperial, and it is a conqueror, and there are good people who say the night of national overthrow is coming, and that it is almost night. But before the sundown the conqueror of earth and heaven will ride in on the white horse, and alcoholism, which had its Austerlitz of triumph, shall have its Waterloo of defeat. Alcoholism having lost its crown, the grizzly and cruel breaker of human hearts, crazed with the disaster, will be found feeling in vain for the stirrup on which to remount his foaming charger. "So, O Lord, let thine enemies perish."

French Funerals.

There are nine classes or grades of funernals, the most expensive of which costs, nominally, 8,000 francs, and the ninth a few francs only. The seventh, which is usually chosen by the working people, can be had for about $15. The hearse is decorated with cotton fringe, and there is no mourning carriage, though one can be had for 22 francs. The religious service costs in addition $4. Few persons avail themselves of the eight and ninth grades, which cost almost nothing, preferring either the semi-gratuitous funeral or that entirely gratuitous, which present nearly the same external signs of luxury, and to the public eye are quite as creditable.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
A Healthful Tonic.
Used in place of lemons or lime juice it will harmonize with such stimulants as are necessary to take.

Keep out disease by keeping in healthy action the liver, stomach and bowels. There's a pleasant and a sure way of doing it. It's with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the best Liver Pill ever made, and a prompt and effective remedy for Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. They cleanse and renovate the system, quietly but thoroughly. They regulate the system, too—they don't upset it, like the old-fashioned pills. These are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. One "Pellet" a dose. They're the easiest to take, and the mildest in operation—the smallest in size, but the most efficient in their work.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, because they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?

That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on.

NEVER TURNED A HAIR.

The Waiter Not Surprised—The Diner Didn't Walk On His Head.

Two men went into a restaurant on Adams street yesterday and sat down at a table presided over by a solemn, gloomy-looking functionary in black.

One of the two merely ordered mutton chops and a cup of coffee, but the other looked carefully through the bill-of-fare, laid it down, reflected a few moments and said:

"Bring me a bunch of toothpicks."

"Yes, sah."

They were brought, and the solemn waiter stood at his elbow, looking off into vacancy while the man picked his teeth.

Another careful inspection of the bill-of fare resulted in the order:

"Bring me some cream."

The ice cream was brought and disposed of in a leisurely way, the bill-of-fare was examined again from top to bottom, laid down as before and cogitated upon, and an order for lemon pie was given to the solemn waiter.

The pie was brought and eaten in the same calm, methodical way, the bill of fare studied again, and an order given for stewed peas and sliced cucumbers.

The imperturbable waiter stood respectfully by while these were slowly devoured.

"You may bring me some roast beef and brown potatoes," announced the guest, after another prolonged study of the bill of fare.

"Yes, sah."

These were brought and laid before him, and he ate them with great deliberation, after which the bill of fare was subjected to another scrutiny.

"Some bread and butter, if you please."

"Yes, sah."

While the bread and butter were being slowly absorbed the melancholy waiter stood motionless, looking off into vacancy as before.

"I think I'll take a bowl of tomato soup," said the guest, after another exhaustive perusal of the printed slip.

"Yes, sah."

The waiter brought the soup, and stood like a statue of gloom until it was disposed of.

Once more the bill of fare was brought into requisition.

"Now bring me half a dozen blue points on the half shell."

"Yes, sah."

"Hold on! You needn't do it!" exclaimed the guest. "I give it up. My friend here offered to bet me that there was a waiter at this restaurant that wouldn't bat his eye if I should eat a square meal wrong end foremost, and I took him up. I'm out $5, but I've learned something."

"Yes, sah," remarked the funereal waiter, and as the two guests picked up their checks and made their way to the cashier's desk he stood erect, with folded arms, looking solemnly away into the fathomless depths of space.—[Chicago Tribune.

HER TYRANT MASTER.

With cheeks aglow from kisses of the frost,
Blue laughing eyes, and shining hair, windtossed
She comes in breathless, bright, a little late,
Fair as a dream, but pitiless as Fate.

She struggles with her rubbers on the mat,
Lays by her jacket and hangs up her hat,
Pulls off her gloves, and sweetly thoughtful stands
Beside the register to warm her hands.

I look up, at her soft "good morning:" then
I mumble "morning," and lay down my pen.
And there by her task seems, and, like a Turk,
I keep her—how remorselessly—at work!

She's my typewriter yet, and I'm her "boss,"
I hear her tell the book-keeper I'm "cross."
And "hard to please." Great Scott! that isn't it.
If she could only know how hard I'm hit!

Oh, yes, I scold you, dear; I nag and yell;
Only because you please me far too well;
Also, because I'd like to knock in two
The tall young fellow who walks home with you.

—[Madeline S. Bridges, in Puck.

An Emperor's Good Deed.

A pretty story about the good heart of the young emperor of Germany is going the rounds of the court circles in Berlin. During a recent dinner at the house of Herr von Kotze, master of ceremonies at the imperial court, Count Eulenberg told his majesty of a young music teacher in Carlsbad who had lost her piano in the late flood. The girl was poverty-stricken by her loss, as her piano was her only means of earning her daily bread. The story touched the kind nature of Emperor William, and he at once proposed to take up a collection for her benefit. Placing 100 marks on a plate he passed it around the table and quickly secured enough money to purchase the young woman a new piano, and to give her a fresh start in life. It is needless to add that the happy teacher is now a "Schwarmerin" for his majesty.—[New York Tribune.

Duty Before Pleasure.

Massachusetts woman—I suppose the women generally vote as their husbands do.

Wyoming woman—Oh, no; at least I don't. He is a Democrat and I am a Republican.

Massachusetts woman—And—and you don't quarrel?

Wyoming woman—No, indeed. It prevents quarrels, in fact. Whenever he starts in to grumbling about the biscuits I get him started on the tariff and he forgets the bread entirely.—[Indianapolis Journal.

Sherman at Sheridan's Funeral.

At Sheridan's funeral Gen. Sherman, being impatient at some delay, said to Senator Carlisle:

"I am not going to have any of this nonsense at my funeral."

"How do you know?" responded Senator Carlisle; "you will be there, but helpless."

Gen. Sherman replied: "I have already made all the arrangements for my funeral, and if they are not obeyed to the letter I will do some tall kicking, dead or no dead."—[Philadelphia Record.

Fast Enough.

Irate Customer—You said this cloth was a fast color, yet it faded out in two weeks after it was made up.

Dealer—Well, I don't think you ought to expect it to fade any faster than that.—[Inter-Ocean.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

A Watchman's Adventure.

HOUGH my occupation during the summer of 1865 was not exactly that of a soldier, it was so nearly allied to soldiering that I suppose the old boys will give me a seat by the Camp Fire. I was discharged from the army in March, 1865, on account of a gun shot wound. I went to Chattanooga in April and re-enlisted, and went to work for the quartermaster at that place as a watchman. There were about sixty of us, armed with Colts's revolvers. Our duty was too look after and care for government property. The rations were hard tack and sow belly. We were on duty half the time, night and day; six hours on and six hours off. Some time during the summer (I don't remember just the date) I was detailed to go aboard the steamboat Chattanooga, owned by the government, as a watchman. We ran up and down the Tennessee river, gathering up Uncle Sam's plunder. I helped to gather up what was left of the supply train which Forrest destroyed in the valley. It was the biggest pile of wagon tires I ever saw. About fifteen miles below Chattanooga, where the Tennessee river starts through Walden's ridge, is a rapid called "the Suck." From there to Kelley's landing, a distance of ten or twelve miles, the river is a succession of shoals, and when the water is low, is very dangerous. There are boulders as large as an ordinary cabin in the center of the river, and on either side are mountains a mile high. While going up and down the river I noticed a perpendicular wall of rock near the top of the mountain, on the right hand side, which I resolved to explore some day if I got the opportunity. One day we got word that the gunboat General Grant was aground below "the Suck," near "the Skillet" and for our boat to go down and help them off. We got there about 10 o'clock. I was on duty until 12 o'clock. That afternoon I resolved to explore the mountain, as I saw they would not get the gunboat afloat for several hours.

Immediately after dinner I started up the mountain; and I will add that what I then didn't know about mountain climbing would fill a large volume—I know more about that prosaious occupation, however, when I returned to the steamboat. I reached the summit after doing some exceedingly tiresome work, and I thought I was well paid for my trouble. The river looked like a white ribbon. I could look into three states. There was a boulder there as large as an ordinary farm house—a mere shell, open at one side, and it appeared as if it had been lately used as a hiding place for hub-whackers, judging from the signs left there. After looking around until I thought it about time to start for the boat, if I wished to get there before sundown, I chose a different route by which to return from the one I had traversed going up.

I started down a canyon, and after traveling perhaps a quarter of a mile, I came to a ledge of rock ten or twelve feet high. I took hold of a young hickory near me and swung myself out and bent the bush until my feet were within five or six feet of the ground, then dropped to the ground all right. I soon realized I had made a mistake that was likely to cost me my life. I was in a sort of cave, 25 by 50 feet perhaps, one side a perpendicular wall hundreds of feet high, and the other a projecting cliff at least 100 feet high, behind the one I had swung over, aided by the hickory bush. This I could not, had sprung back out of my reach. I laid down and crawled up to the edge of that cliff and looked over. I did not dare stand up for fear of falling off. I could see but a very slight chance of ever getting out of there. On my right where the water ran, when there was any, it was dry. Then there was a wall of stone straight from the top of the ledge I had came over fully a hundred feet below me. That wall was nearly smooth, worn so by the water. It was about fifty feet wide. Right in the face of this wall and on a level with the ledge I was on, was a projection of stone a few inches wide, across from one side to the other; at no place more than six or eight inches, and in the center not more than two-barely room for a toe-hold. I sat down there and studied my chances of getting out of my prison. The few inches of stone over the chasm seemed to be the only hope. Would it bear my weight? Doubtful. My chances of assistance were small indeed. The nearest persons were on the boats, and they were at least two miles away. The chance of making any of them hear was against me, and if they should start to hunt me, they wouldn't know where to look, for I hadn't told any one what I was going to do. I deliberately calculated my chances of starving to death—and finally, would I become insane and fall over the cliff? If I made the attempt to cross the chasm there was a chance for life. On the opposite side of the chasm the ledge seemed wider and longer, and within a few feet of the ledge and close to the chasm stood a pine tree. If I could only reach that tree I was safe. To reach it I must need cross the chasm, which was 50 wide and 100 feet deep; and my bridge, the ledge, was two inches thick, and on the face of a perpendicular wall 100 feet from the bottom. It was my only hope; I must cross the chasm or starve to death.

I removed my shoes and stockings, tied them together, hung them about my neck, and started across with small hope, however, of ever reaching the other side. I was not sure that the ledge of stones would bear my weight. Some of the stones might be loosened, for I could see cracks in various places. I turned my face toward the wall, and slowly and cautiously worked my way along, testing carefully with my foot each stone before risking my weight thereon. Finally, after what seemed an age, I reached the other side of the chasm; but my trouble was not then over, nor all danger past. The pine tree, I found, was considerably further from the ledge than it had looked to be from the opposite side. As near as I could judge, it was fully forty feet from where I stood to the roots of the tree—then came a sort of bench, and then beyond that another ledge. Above the ledge I could see the top of a cedar tree, but I could not tell how large it was. If I slid down to the pine, would the cedar bear my weight? I could readily see that that was my only way out. I would have to chance it. The pine was about five or six feet from the edge; if I missed it I would go down a hundred feet into the gulch. I made the trial, and came near failing. I struck the tree with such force I kneeled the breath out of me. I hung there until I could steady myself, and slipped to the root. When I came to examine the cedar, I found it was a small bush, hardly sufficient to support my weight, growing in the side of the bluff. If I could once reach its roof, I could see my way out. It was nearly twenty-five feet to the bottom. The cedar reached about fifteen feet, then by going a short distance along the bluff, I could jump off. I was afraid the cedar wouldn't support my weight. There was a shrub growing there, a species gooseberry. I twisted the top of the cedar into the gooseberry for additional support; and it was well I did so, for the bush would have toppled down the mountain with me if I had not taken that precaution. I got down, and by working my way along the bluff, perhaps 200 feet, got off. After leaving the cedar there was little more danger unless I should meet a rattlesnake, for there were some huge ones in that country. I got back to the boat in time to see the boys get the gunboat afloat, and we ran up to "the Suck" that evening. I wouldn't repeat that experience again for all the reputed wealth of Vanderbilt and Gould combined. I was in the second line of assault at Cold Harbor, where the historian says 10,000 federal soldiers fell in 20 minutes; but I would sooner take my chances there again than undertake to cross that chasm once more as I did on that occasion.—M. BOYER, Kansas.

Widow Mason's Pig.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Late in the fall of 1862, the 13th Vt. Reg. was encamped in Virginia a few miles out from Alexandria. We were doing picket duty, and our line connected with a New Hampshire regiment near the home of Widow Mason. One night while sleeping in the reserve quarters, I felt a long and strong pull at my boots. In a short time I discovered it was myself, and not my boots, that was wanted. Carefully sliding out from between the comrades so as not to awaken them, I silently followed a shadow outside of the camp lines, when another shadow appeared. These two soon materialized, and I knew a raid was contemplated; but I wondered at the lack of numbers and weapons of defense as nothing but an old axe was to be seen.

However, we all had our haversacks, (all soldiers do) and that march commenced straight for Mrs. Mason's. When we arrived, not a confed. was to be seen, but over in a rail pen were seven or eight as nice little porkers as ever gladdened the heart of a soldier. As soon as they saw us they set up a terrible squealing, and to make the matter worse, the New Hampshire boys began to squeal ten times worse than the pigs. This state of affairs did not last long, for down came the ax on a porker's head, and out we came and took a brush, just in time to escape the guard sent to investigate. Dressing that pig, getting him into our haversacks and ourselves back to quarters, was made mighty short work. Next morning two of us were stationed on the same post, which proved to be headquarters for officers of the guard. Not long after we were in position the officer of the day rode up and said:

"Captain Lonigan, Mrs. Mason has reported the loss of a pig. She is unable to say whether it came to our lines or those of the New Hampshire regiment; but I want you to make a close inquiry, and if not entirely satisfied, inspect haversacks, and report."

"All right, sir; your order shall be obeyed to the letter," was the answer.

Soon after the officer of the day had left, Capt. L. said to his lieutenant:

"Well, Sonnett, we may as well begin to hunt for that pig," and the two walked away.

As soon as they were out of sight, we began to cut off meat and put it into our frying pan. We had just got the meat on the fire, when Tim said:

"For God's sake, look at 'em."

Sliding the pan under my coat, I walked off towards the brush as "cool as a cumumber," while L. and S. were bearing down upon us. After a little speculation the two officers started on, apparently intent on finding that pig meat. Then I brought forth the frying-pan again, and just as the contents began to emit a savory smell, Tim exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be d——d!"

Looking up, who should I see approaching, bearing straight down upon us, and not fifty yards distant, but the captain and the lieutenant. Somehow that frying-pan got over a big log on double-quick time. Capt. L. stopped close to us, and began to sniff the air. I felt sure we were "goners" then; but presently he asked if we had ever ate Virginia rabbit when we had been in the service. I took the cue too quick, and was wonderfully relieved to get it.

"Yes," said I, "Tim and I shot one last night, and have not got away with it yet. Would you like to try some of it, captain?"

"I believe I would," he answered. "If it is real Virginia stock, for I have been told they are *par excellence*."

Down came the haversacks, and we sliced off meat till the captain said:

"Stop, boys; you have more now than we can eat."

Both officers eyed the meat critically, and said it looked all right. Well, they made tea and we all sat down to enjoy our rabbit, and if those two officers didn't love it, then I will wager a continent of commissary that they lied about it. After they were satisfied, so far as the inner man was concerned, they again started out to find that pig, but were compelled to report that no signs of Mrs. Mason's pig could be found in our regiment; consequently it must have gone to the New Hampshire boys. If Mrs. Mason is living she probably don't like New Hampshire soldiers yet.—J. J. AMDLER, Co. F, 13th Vt. Inft. Iowa.

Capt. "William" Brown.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—We had in our company an eccentric genius known throughout the regiment as Capt. "William" Brown. William was of German origin, and he liked his beer. William was a good, true soldier, and it was seldom he refused to obey; but when it became necessary for Capt. William Brown to say "No, damned if I does him," then there was certain to be a bitch, for he was just as happy in the guard house as he was out of it.

We also had another Brown in the company. These two Browns were both privates. They were designated on the roll as Brown 1st and Brown 2d. In the mess they were known as Catfish Brown, and Capt. William Brown.

It so happened that Catfish Brown was promoted from the ranks to be 2d duty sergeant the day soon after Brown 2d got his chevrons on his arms we were having squad drill on foot, before breakfast, as was the custom. At the time a dozen or fifteen of us were in line on the ground. Sergt. Brown was our drill sergeant that morning. Just as we started Capt. William Brown, or Brown 1st, came up to go on drill. As soon as Sergt. Brown saw him he shouted:

"Fall in the rear, Private Brown! What excuse have you, sir, for being late?"

Capt. William stepped out of ranks and looked the sergeant over from head to foot, then stepped quietly back to his place, remarking as he did so:

"Well, I pe tamned! That Catfish is got big airbetty. He speak at me as dot little feller, Private Proun." Ain't id hot, anyway, to grow pig dot way?"

For a moment we were silent, then we burst out in a prolonged roar of laughter. Sergt. Brown was no fool; he joined in the laugh. For months after, whenever drill was spoken of, some one would be sure to sing out, "Fall in the rear, Private Brown!"

Capt. William was fond of his toddy. Sometimes he was "put to it" to procure the stuff to fill his canteen. On one occasion the headquarters bugler was sick, and an orderly was sent around to hunt some one that could blow the call. Capt. William could whistle any call on the list. An idea entered the fertile brain of Capt. William that he might turn the bugler's illness to some advantage to himself, so he said to the orderly:

"I know every call te pugler plows. I tells you vat I do. You dake my gandeen und git him full of dot ret-eye te colonel keeps

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain and concise.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Money for Church Schools.

R. R., Utica, Ill.: The custom has grown up of the United States government paying for the tuition of Indian children in denominational mission schools. The Indian commissioner, Mr. Morgan, favors governmental schools, non-sectarian; and an attempt was made to defeat his appointment, based on opposition to the common-school policy, by those who make a demand for new schools to be controlled by ecclesiastics and not by the government, but said schools to be supported by the national government from the national treasury.

In order that the work might be uniform in the office prepared recently a new contract, in which it was provided that the Indian office might "prescribe the course of study and designate the text-books, and require the same evidence of the qualifications of the employees in contract schools as in the government schools." It was held that, if the government furnishes the money for the education of Indian children for American citizenship, it has a right to say how this work shall be done.

These contracts were sent out to the various religious bodies who carry on these conscious religious schools, namely: Roman Catholics, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Friends, Methodists, Mennonites, Lutherans, Presbyterians and Unitarians. All of these bodies, with one exception, accepted the new contracts without objection. The bureau of Catholic missions, however, declined to accept, refused to allow the government to prescribe the course of study or designate the text-books, and objected to submitting the required evidences as to the qualifications of school employes. On the amendment of the Senate, both houses of Congress, however, finally incorporated in the Indian appropriation bill the following section:

"That the expenditure of the money appropriated for school purposes in this act shall be at all times under the supervision and direction of the secretary of the Interior, and in all respects in conformity with such conditions, rules and regulations as to the conduct and methods of instruction and expenditure as may from time to time be prescribed by him."

The following table shows the amount appropriated to the various religious bodies for Indian education during the fiscal years 1890 and 1891:

	1890.	1891.
Roman Catholic	$250,057	$260,349
Presbyterian	47,650	44,850
Congregational	28,459	27,271
Episcopal	24,876	20,910
Friends	23,883	24,743
Mennonite	4,575	4,365
Unitarian	5,460	5,460
Lutheran, Wittenberg, Wis.	7,590	9,180
Methodist	9,940	6,760
Miss Howard	600	1,800
Lincoln Institution	33,460	33,460
Hampton Institute	20,000	20,000
Total	$362,640	$360,218

In reply to your other question: Secretary Tracy is not a Catholic. We have no knowledge of Catholic altars being placed on war vessels. The religious question did not enter into the recent Indian troubles.

The United States Naval Academy.

S. B. A., Pellaire, Mich.: There are allowed as the academy one naval cadet for each member or delegate in the United States House of Representatives, one for each district of Columbia and ten at large. The appointment of the cadets at large and for the District of Columbia is made by the President. The secretary of the Navy is notified in writing each year as possible, must notify in writing each member and delegate of the House of Representatives of any vacancy that may exist in his district. The nomination of a candidate to fill a vacancy is made on the recommendation of the member or delegate, by the secretary. Candidates must be actual residents of the district from which they are nominated.

The course of naval cadets is six years, the last two of which are spent at sea. All candidates at the time of their examination for admission must be between the ages of 14 and 18 years and physically sound, well formed and of robust condition. They enter the academy immediately after passing the prescribed examinations, and are required to sign articles binding themselves to serve in the United States navy eight years (including the time of probation at the Naval academy), unless sooner discharged. The pay of a naval cadet is $500 a year, beginning at the date of admission.

Appointments to fill all vacancies that occur during a year in the lower grades of the Line and Engineer corps of the Navy and of the Marine corps are made from the graduating class. A rigid examination, at the conclusion of their six years' course, in the order of merits as determined by the Academic board of the Naval academy. At least ten per cent of the graduates from such graduates each year. Surplus graduates who do not receive such appointments are given a certificate of graduation, an honorable discharge, and one year's sea pay, as provided for naval cadets.

The academy was founded in 1845, by the Hon. George Bancroft, secretary of the Navy in the administration of President Polk. It was first opened October 10 of that year, with Commander Franklin Buchanan as superintendent. During the civil war it was removed from Annapolis, Md., to Newport, R. I., but was restored to the former place in 1865. It is under the direct supervision of the Navy department. Captain William T. Sampson, U. S. N., is the present superintendent.

Pension Questions.

A. H., South Colton, N. Y.: "A soldier dies who has a wife, four children under the age of twelve, and a mother dependent upon him for support. Can they all draw a pension, and if so, how much can each draw?"

Only the widow and the minor children can receive pensions. The former can receive $8 per month for herself, and $2 for each child until it is 16 years of age.

J. B., New Albion, Iowa: The cases in the Pension office are taken up by number. De Facto.

W. B. M., Valley Head, Ala.: "Can a widow draw a pension for her husband who was discharged, came home sick, and was taken off and killed because he was a Union man? 2.—If so, are her children entitled from the death of the soldier up to 16 years of age?"

No; but she can under act of June 27, 1890, provided she has not again married.

N. C., Albion, Ill.: "A soldier received a $2 a month pension, and died of disease contracted in the service. Is it true that the widow cannot get a pension after having applied two years since?"

The fact of your having applied for a pension proves nothing. It must be made to prove that the fatal disease, which caused death, originated in the service. Your other question was answered in the Farmstead.

J. S. C., Alloway, N. J.: Your question was referred to an agent, who will write you.

S. R. T., Etna, Neb.: "1.—Can a tree claim be commuted with money in case of failure to make the timber grow? 2.—Will a timber culture given on real estate after the final receipt is given, and before the patent is issued, be valid and binding?"

1.—Yes. 2.—Yes.

E. J. D., Maple Plain, Minn.: The law gives no relief in your case.

Presidential Electors.

J. B., Argonia, Kan., asks whether Presidential electors are obliged by law to vote for the candidates nominated by the convention of the party by whom the electors are chosen, or are free to choose.

As a matter of actual law the electors are free to vote for whomsoever they choose, and it was the original intention of the founders of the constitution that the President should be the choice of the electors who were to be elected from the leading men of the state. This idea was followed for a few years and the electors were given free choice, but before many years the political parties became accustomed to nominating a candidate for President and Vice President, and the electors were expected to vote for the candidates of their party, the making their voting a mere form of necessary to be gone through with. This custom has become so well fixed that no elector would even think of casting his vote for any one but his party's candidate.

The Army of the Potomac—Political Nicknames.

Schoolboy, Jerusalem, O., asks: "Please publish the names of the generals who commanded the Army of the Potomac? Who were the 'Silver Greys,' the 'Hunkers,' the 'Woolly Heads,' the 'Unionists,' the 'Stalwarts' and the 'Barn Burners?'"

The Army of the Potomac did not receive its name until Gen. George B. McClellan took command. His predecessor, Gen. Irwin McDowell, had commanded at the battle of Bull Run, but the army was not called "Army of the Potomac" until reorganized by Gen. McClellan. He was succeeded in 1862 by Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, who commanded at the battle of Fredericksburg. After this battle he was removed at his own request, and succeeded by Gen. Joseph Hooker.

Gen. Hooker commanded at the battle of Chancellorsville, after which he was succeeded by Gen. George G. Meade. Gen. Meade commanded at the battle of Gettysburg, and continued nominally to command the army of the Potomac to the end of the war, although Gen. Grant was the real commander after he was commissioned lieutenant-general.

The "Silver Greys," "Hunkers" and "Barn Burners" were political nicknames applied to different parties in New York state way back in the thirties. The "Woolly Heads" was a nickname applied to the Abolitionists. The "Unionists" was the nickname of the Northerners and all those who favored the Union during the civil war. The "Stalwarts" was the name applied to the friends of Senator Roscoe Conkling in New York politics.

A Board of Trade.

Inquirer, Liberty Center, O., asks us for information concerning a Board of Trade and whether it is the same thing as a Produce Exchange.

A Board of Trade may not necessarily be a Produce Exchange, but a Produce Exchange is necessarily a Board of Trade. There the business done is in produce, but in a Board of Trade any transactions may be had in any merchandise or commodity. The object of a Board of Trade is this: the producer of an article sells it to a merchant who generally sells the goods on the board to another merchant and, through some one, to bring it to the wholesale and retail dealers. The board is simply to facilitate the disposing of the goods and it greatly adds to the convenience of all concerned, though a great deal of business is done in produce, etc. It is much better for the farmer than if he were himself to sell his goods to the wholesale dealer, as the farmer, having no capital nor being able to carry his stock, would be at the mercy of the wholesale man, who has plenty of capital and can name his own price. As it is now, the sharp competition on the exchanges enables the farmer to know what his goods and grain are worth before they are produced. Then the wholesale man is also enabled to buy at a proper market price through his broker.

Smithsonian Institution—Conscription Act.

Miss O. W., Blackburn, Ill., asks: 1.—"Who was the founder of the Smithsonian Institution, and where is it located? What was the conscription act?"

1.—The Smithsonian institution is situated in Washington, D. C., and was organized by act of Congress in 1846 in accordance with the will of James Smithson, who bequeathed an estate amounting to $515,169 to the United States to be devoted to "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men. He was an Englishman, a natural son of Hugh, third Duke of Northumberland, and Mrs. Elizabeth Macie, a niece of Charles, Duke of Somerset. Macie, a niece of Charles, Duke of Somerset.

During the period of the war occasioned the passage of a conscription bill, which became a law March 3, 1863; afterwards amended in February and July, 1864. It provided for the enrollment of all able bodied citizens between eighteen and forty-five years. In default of volunteers to fill the quota from a congressional district, the deficiency was to be supplied by a draft from the enrolled militia. Provision was made for the acceptance of substitutes or a commutation of $300 in place of the drafted individual. Persons refusing obedience were to be considered as deserters. The Confederate States had very stringent conscription laws which were rigidly enforced.

"Hamfatters."

"One of 'em," Toledo, O., asks:—"Where does the word 'hamfatter' come from, and why has it come to be applied to poor actors?"

Away back in the '50's, a song called the "Ham Fat Man," was all the rage for a while with negro minstrel companies and variety performers. The refrain of it after awhile, but some of the least talented minstrels kept on singing it. So it became common to speak of a poor minstrel performer as a "hamfatter," implying that his talent was not equal to anything higher than singing this song. The name gradually applied to poor performers in all the stage lines, and "hamfatter" and "ham" are now the recognized terms of contempt in the profession.

The Republic of Brazil.

B. A. B., Hillsdale, Mich., and O. P., Windfall, Pa.: Until November, 1889, the government of Brazil had always been a limited monarchy in its form of government. A revolution took place at that time and a Provisional Republic was declared, and soon afterwards recognized by foreign nations. Marshal Manoel Deodoro da Fonseca was elected provisional president. The language spoken in Brazil is Portuguese; its population is 10,200,000. The capital is Rio de Janeiro.

High Protective Tariffs.

B. C., Aspen, Col., asks: "What countries have high protective tariffs?"

Every country has a high protective tariff except Great Britain, New South Wales and New Zealand. All the other colonies of Great Britain have protective tariffs, including "The Dominion of Canada." New South Wales is one of the least prosperous of the Australian colonies.

A "Modus Vivendi."

O. L. W., Willow Springs, Mo.: 1.—The phrase "modus vivendi," means literally "mode of living," and it was applied to the temporary arrangements made from year to year between two governments, pending the negotiation of a formal treaty. 2.—"Turkey red" is a color obtained from the dye to produce that particular color was first used in Turkey.

Capitals of Siberia, Bolivia and Arizona.

J. H. C., Huron, Kan., and S. R. E., Lutterburg, O.: 1.—Tucson was the original capital of Arizona; it was afterward changed to Prescott, and in 1889 again changed to Phoenix. 2.—Siberia has two capitals, Tobolsk and Irkutsk. 3.—Oruro is the capital of Bolivia.

Bring Suit.

J. E. S., Harrington, Wash.: "1.—Can a dentist be prosecuted by law, if he has a diploma, for destroying a person's teeth? I have asked several lawyers but they give evasive answers."

The only way to find out is to bring suit.

The Engagement Ring.

Subscriber, Benton, Mich., asks on what finger the engagement ring should be placed?

It is the custom to put both the engagement and wedding rings on the third finger of the left hand.

Miscellaneous.

E. E. S., Milan, Tenn.: Ex-President Hayes lives at Fremont, O.

C. C. M., Vanlue, N. Y.: We have not the song which you ask for.

W. E. C., Toledo, O.: Your question is answered in the WEEKLY BLADE of January 22.

H. A., Western, Nebraska: The poem is "The Bells" by Edgar Allan Poe. We cannot publish it.

H. R., Chicago, Ill.: We know nothing of the political views of the gentlemen whom you mention.

E. T. M., Elkhart, Ind.: Address a letter of inquiry to the secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

J. F. W., Dix, Ill.: Continental money is worth just what any one is willing to pay for it, as a curiosity, and nothing more.

A. S., Columbus, O.: What you ask for is a matter of opinion and these questions we have repeatedly said we cannot answer.

J. W. B., Makin, Ind.: The verse which you send us is not to be found in the concordance, and we infer that it is not in the Bible.

W. K., Six Lakes, Mich.: Write to United States land office at Crookston, Minnesota, and they will give you the information which you ask for.

L. T., Toledo, O.: Prominent persons are constantly being interred in Westminster Abbey. We do not recollect the last one buried there.

W. L., Pomona, Cal: A white frost is a hoar frost or in other words a light frost making just a little crystal freezing on the surface of hard or damp surfaces. A black frost is more severe, where everything is frozen up tight.

E. B., Osage, Iowa: We would advise you to get some good work on English literature. We cannot discuss the merits of writers in the Question Bureau.

C. F. P.: We have not got the song you ask for. If you would take the trouble to send your real name and address, your questions would be answered.

Mrs. M., El Paso, Tex.: We cannot publish the song you ask for. You must also send your full name and address if you want your questions answered.

J. W. McL., Augusta, Kan.: We do not know where the lady to whom you refer lives. If we did we could not publish it as no addresses are given in the BLADE.

E. E. M., Middletown, N. Y.: If you will give your full name and send in your question again, we will answer it. We cannot answer where the full name is not given.

G. B., Columbus, O.: Any good text book on natural philosophy will answer your question. We do not like to speak to explain the workings of telegraphing or electric lights.

C. S. P., Louisiana, Mo.: The Sullivan-Jackson fight was deefared off some time ago. Mr. Sullivan's latest statement is that he will fight no more, but prefers to devote his time to the stage.

H. R. B., Clendinin, Montana: Any college teaches mineralogy. There are some schools devoted especially to that branch, but we cannot advertise them by giving their names in this column.

J. S. B., Freemans, W. Va.: Gen. U. S. Grant may have commanded in engagements where the result was undecisive, but he was never unsuccessful in a campaign nor ungenerous where he could be.

P. S. R., Sweet, Idaho: We do not know, but you would be very foolish to emigrate to a country whose language, customs and country are so different from our own as are those of South America.

J. F. W., Gaston, Orc.: If there is no bookseller who can order for you the books which you desire, send a letter to any of the publishers mentioned under the head of new books on the second page of THE BLADE.

J. C. T., Maple Grove, O.: 1.—The pressure of the air at the sea level is 14.7 pounds per square inch. 2.—A cubic foot of any gas will lift the difference between its own weight and the weight of a cubic foot of air.

F. B., Mt. Vernon, O., sends a catechism of eighteen questions, of which we expect us to answer. Send us but one question, that is it may be divided into different sections, but must all refer to the same general subject.

Pietro, Valparaiso, Ind.: The statement that Gen. Sherman speculated in silver bullion is utterly false. There were several Representatives accused, Democrats and Republicans (the latter free coinage men), but not Sherman.

C. H. W., Raymond, N. H.: We believe that there is a periodical devoted to the interests of confectioners, but do not know its name or where it is published; nor could we give it in this column, because it would be advertising.

A. M. V., Guest's Station, Va.: 1.—The mining of coal from a horizontal shaft would not effect the spring if it were below the bed of the coal. 2.—Frederick D. Grant married Miss Honore, of Chicago. 3.—The Question Bureau is not conducted.

J. E. D., Quincy, Ill.: To answer all your would be to give a complete history of the American tariff, which we have not space to do. Obtain from from a bookseller "Thompson's Compendium of the American Tariff," which contains it all.

E. K., Minneapolis, Calla.: The government has not yet purchased the Cherokee Strip, and the Strip will not be open for settlement until the government has purchased it. As we understand it, negotiations are now on foot looking towards its purchase.

M. B. W., Grandview, Penn.: 1.—We do not know the author of the lines to which you refer. 2.—If Mt. Hercules, New Guinea, is higher than Mt. Everest, we have no information to that effect. If any one can send us authentic information to that effect, we shall be glad to publish it.

E. G., Ruthton, Minn.: Steel can be manufactured in the United States without the use of foreign ore although it is not always wise to use it. There is only a small quantity needed, so as so get a little manganese into the steel. This is in the Bessemer process, by which ordinary pig iron is turned into steel, American pig iron is used.

Some one from Salem, Neb., sends us a catechism of questions, the answers of which would fill about a page of THE BLADE. No name is given. We neither answer questions where no name is given nor do we answer a whole catechism. Send us but one question—or the questions may be divided into several parts on the same general subject—and give your name and address, and we will answer them.

E. A. H., Napoleon, O.: The exact statistics on the matter of deaths from intemperance are not known, and have never been taken either by county, state or government officials. Therefore all figures on this subject are only an estimate. It is estimated that between 70,000 and 100,000 men die annually from causes resulting directly from intemperance in the United States.

Consumption Surely Cured:

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

GIRL SLAVES IN 'FRISCO.

Appalling Traffic in Human Beings Auctioned Off Like Cattle.

Slavery in the strongest and most literal sense of the word exists in the California metropolis, said a San Francisco man recently in an interview. The federal government knows it, but makes not the slightest effort to eradicate the evil. I refer to the hideous traffic in Chinese women. There are thousands of these women in San Francisco and, except the wives of a few of the higher-grade Chinamen, there is none who is not bought and paid for.

These slaves are brought into the United States on fraudulent certificates and several Americans holding official positions have at various times been arrested for complicity in the forgeries, but in every instance the matter has been hushed up. The girls are all young when brought over, ranging in age from ten to sixteen years.

The San Francisco slave-dealers have agents in China, who purchase the girls, paying from $500 to $1,000 each, according to the degree of attractiveness. Most of them are contracted for before arriving in this country, yet they will often be put up at auction in some secret den in the Chinese quarter and knocked down to the highest bidder.

All this would be bad enough if the girls were simply sold into slavery, but it is a fact that they are sold to masters who compel them to lead lives of shame in order that their gains may be increased. The awful truths of Chinatown depravity may some time be told.

Waterproof Paper.

A special kind of of paper has been invented which, it is alleged, is absolutely impervious to water, and will even stand burning. The waterproofing can be carried out either after the paper is made or during the operation of making it, the latter being the better course. The process is especially applicable to papers for packing, and for this purpose, will be of great value.

—A bald-headed woman is unusual before she is 40, but gray hair is common with them earlier. Baldness and grayness may be prevented by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Letters to Young Citizens.

NUMBER VIII.

EDUCATION OF THE CITIZEN.

Written for The Blade by Elmer H. Capen, D. D., President of Tufts' College, Massachusetts.]

There never was a time when citizenship meant so much as it does to-day. Not only in the United States, but throughout the world, men are rising up to a more complete sense of their manhood. The prerogatives of favored individuals and classes are suffering abridgement year by year. Public opinion, even in the old world monarchies, is rapidly becoming more potent than the will of princes, and, what is more significant, every member of the body politic has a share in making this opinion. In our country the emancipation is almost complete. By the principles on which our government is founded, and by the form of the government itself, the responsibility of affairs is wholly in the hands of the people. This is a tremendous responsibility, because it involves not only the privilege of the individual citizen, but his protection in life and liberty, and the conditions of his industrial success.

How, then, we ask, shall he be fitted for such a responsibility? There is but one answer. Education is the essential thing. Without that there can be no full and intelligent discharge of the duties of citizenship. Many of the states of the union, recognizing this fact, have made education compulsory, and it will be a happy day for the republic when it shall be made compulsory in all the states. When I say education, however, I do not mean necessarily any education. It is possible to conceive of education being of such sort and quality as to be worse than no education. For example, a man may be educated in a foreign tongue, unable to understand or speak the common language of the land. Or he may be educated in ideas and principles that are foreign, incongruous and unsuited to those that prevail in the land and that constitute the very genius of its institutions. Such education obviously is delusive and dangerous.

What, then, shall the education be in its purpose and content?

Primarily, of course, education is of the intellect. Its real object should be to sharpen, strengthen and illumine the mental power. We are quite likely to judge of the quality of a government by the men it produces. It is not enough that they should be brave and able, but we want them to have the power to meet emergencies, to exhibit breadth of view and to have steadfastness of purpose. The French revolution was not without men of keenness and power. But they were indiscriminate. Ideas ran away with them. Education with us, therefore, to fulfill its function, should seek, first of all, to produce strong faculties, to bring out the intellectual manhood of the individual. It is all-important that our citizens should have the power to discriminate truthfully. They must be as far as possible fortified against accepting the cheap plausibilities of the demagogue or the political mountebank. National characteristics, to be sure, count for a good deal in a matter of this sort. There are certain races, as for example, the Germans, the Scotch, the English, that exhibit this trait of intellectual grasp and steadfastness of purpose in a marked degree. It should follow, therefore, that a nation that is a composite largely of these ingredients, as ours is, ought to be marked by the same high quality. I have no doubt we have a predetermination that way. But we need to cultivate sedulously, the power not only to see truth, but to see it in its relations, and to exercise that self-control, springing from high ethical conceptions, that will give us patience in bringing truth to its legitimate sovereignity. This should be the underlying purpose of our education.

But the content of education is equally important. There are a few things that must go to make up of the sum total of teaching, not so much perhaps in the way of furnishing specific information, though that is not to be wholly overlooked, as by way of supplying motive to the citizen. At the outset it is very important that the principle that underlies all social problems should be specifically disclosed. Unless the citizen can be made to recognize the unity of the race, how may we expect him to manifest any breadth of vision when measures are presented that appear to cut the orbit of his individual and private interest? How may we expect him to show a catholicity of spirit when his own opinions are called in question? How may we look for him to rise above narrowness, or bigotry, or provincialism? Ours is a great country, not only in extent of territory, but in complexity and variety of interest. Points of view differ. Local sectional standards differ. Not unfrequently the aims of one and even moral conceptions, differ. Yet we are one nation, and have the same grand destiny to work out, a destiny that involves the welfare of the American citizen, and prevents the prospect of beneficence and freedom to all the world.

In like manner the conditions of industrial and social progress, at least their elements, should be given to our youth. The should be taught what labor is and what it signifies in its relations to all the movements that constitutes the wealth and prosperity of states. Let them know that it is the foundation and the beginning of all wealth, both for the individual and the nation; that it is impossible to have prosperity or even the comforts of life without it. This will go far to correct many of the crude notions that now prevail owing to the wide contrasts between the very rich and the very poor. As soon as they know these things are not the result of individual caprice, nor yet the product of unequal legislation, but the result of law, founded in the nature of man and the constitution of things, they will set to work by intelligent means to coerce the evils that spring from a misconception and false application of economical principles.

Furthermore, there should be an effort to impart the ideas that furnish the foundation for social order and the framework of government. This is very important now that the right of government and even the legitimacy of every kind of social organism, is called in question. We ought to recur to first principles, as our fathers did, then we may learn that what statesmen have called the "social compact" is not the mere artificial contrivance for gaining political ends, but a form of organic life that derives its sanction from God himself. To this end it is not necessary to have a systematic treatise in the schools on the Constitution of the United States, on the slightest effort to eradicate the evil. I refer to the hideous traffic in Chinese women. There are thousands of these women in San Francisco and, except the wives of a few of the higher-grade Chinamen, there is none who is not bought and paid for.

These slaves are brought into the United States on fraudulent certificates and several Americans holding official positions have at various times been arrested for complicity in the forgeries, but in every instance the matter has been hushed up. The girls are all young when brought over, ranging in age from ten to sixteen years.

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LIVE SEEDS

Will grow if properly cared for, but some are better than others, just as strong, healthy children are more likely to develop into active and useful men and women than weak, puny ones.

Burpee's Seeds

Are not only live, but full of vitality;—pure and true to name. They are tested before being sent out, and if any are found to lack vitality they are destroyed.

Burpee's Farm Annual

Tells all about them, and is full of hints to those who *know*, and valuable information for those who *want to know*, about Farm, Garden, and Flower Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, etc. Also the best Novelties in Flower and Vegetable Seeds, and All Alive. It will mailed Free on application.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO. Philadelphia.

The Sunday School.

Gehazi Punished.

LESSON XI., SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1891.

Golden Text: Be sure your sin will find you out.—Num. 32:23.

LESSON TEXT.

(2 Kings 5:15-27.)

15. And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came, and stood before him: and he said, Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel: now therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant.

16. But he said, As the Lord liveth, before whom I shall stand, I will receive none. And he urged him to take it, but he refused.

17. And Naaman said, Shall there not then, I pray thee, be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth? for thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord.

18. In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing.

19. And he said unto him, Go in peace. So he departed from him a little way.

20. But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha the man of God, said, Behold, my master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought: but, as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him.

21. So Gehazi followed after Naaman. And when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said, Is all well?

22. And he said, All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, Behold, even now there be come to me from mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments.

23. And Naaman said, Be content, take two talents. And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, with two changes of garments, and laid them upon two of his servants; and they bare them before him.

24. And when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house; and he let the men go, and they departed.

25. But he went in, and stood before his master. And Elisha said unto him, Whence comest thou, Gehazi? And he said, Thy servant went no whither.

26. And he said unto him, Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and menservants and maidservants?

27. The leprosy, therefore, of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed forever. And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

He said, Behold now, I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel (v. 15). Naaman had jumped from one extreme to the other, as a result of his professing and finding help from the God of Elisha. He had doubted whether there was a God in Israel who could help him, and now he was sure there was no God anywhere else. He was just as much mistaken in the one case as in the other. There are men nowadays who question whether there is a God in heaven, and there are others who question whether there is a God anywhere else than in heaven. There is something to realize that there is a God somewhere; but it is a great deal better to realize that God is everywhere. Let us see to it that, in learning as much as Naaman learned to begin with, we don't make the blunder of stopping where he stopped.

Now, therefore, I pray thee, take a present of thy servant. But he said, As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will take none (v. 16). Naaman had urged him to take it; but he refused (vs. 15, 16.) A man of God ought not to act as if he were a peddler of God's gifts, especially of those gifts which were never his to bestow. Elisha had not healed Naaman. He had simply indicated God's way of healing. It would be a sad day for the church of Christ when ministers of Christ were ready to accept specific gifts from needy souls to which they had ministered in Christ's name, as if in payment for such ministry. The fitting support of men of God in the work of the ministry is one thing; but when it comes to expecting a special gift for marrying a couple, a special gift for burying the dead, a special gift for praying with the sick, a special gift for counseling an anxious soul—that is quite another matter.

Naaman said, When my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth upon my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon, when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing. And he said unto him, Go in peace (vs. 17-19). Elisha was enough of a man of God to have large-hearted toleration. He thought more of spirit than of manner as a test of character and of faith. Taking into view the circumstances in which Naaman found himself in his official position in the court of Syria, he bade him do the best he could, to be true of his duty to his royal master, and his love for his new found God. Elisha may seem to have been a little lax in matter of form, but he was a pretty good man for his day, in spite of this laxity.

But he went in, and stood before his master. And Elisha said unto him, Whence comest thou, Gehazi? And he said, Thy servant went no whither (v. 25). This was true in a certain sense. Gehazi was not the prophet's servant, but the Devil's servant, when he went after Naaman with greed in his heart and a lie in his mouth. Elisha's servant "went no whither" on such a mission. But Gehazi didn't mean to tell the truth in this statement. He was merely telling another lie to back up the one already told to Naaman. It is easier to begin lying than to stop lying. As old Thomas Fuller says: "A wilful falsehood told is a cripple not able to stand by itself, without some to support it. It is easy to tell a lie; hard to tell but a lie."

The leprosy of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever (v. 27). When Gehazi ran after Naaman, he said, "As the Lord liveth, I will take somewhat of him." And now he found he was to take more than he wanted from Naaman. That is the trouble with ill-gotten gains. They won't come alone. They bring with them more than is cared for. A jolly carousal in the evening brings an aching head the next morning. Stolen money and a betrayed trust are followed by fears and remorse. Guilt of any kind is cursed of God with a punishment which makes the sinner's best success a bad bargain. And a man's children are the sufferers when he does wrong. He cannot be a drunkard, or a thief, or a liar, or a murderer, and suffer all the punishment himself. His wife and children must feel the burden and the shame of his transgression. If we attempt to get what doesn't belong to us, we shall be pretty sure to get a great deal more than we want; and our children will share the heaviest curse of our wrong-doing.—[H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

He Won a Box.

Harry—Did you win a prize at the euchre party last night?

Jack—Yes, I brought home a glove box.

Harry—Was it any good?

Jack—No; I got it for kissing the girl I escorted home.

Behind the Times.

Nancy (to her cousin from the city)—Can you climb trees?

Maude (first visit to the country, in pained surprise)—Haven't you an elevator?—[Puck.

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BOOKS ALMOST GONE!

We have left only about two dozen of "Social Etiquette," by Miss EMILY S. BOUTON. When they are gone, we shall have no more. They will all be sold, we think, within 10 days. If you want a copy, send *now!*

We have not a much greater number of Miss BOUTON'S "Health and Beauty," and those desiring a copy will do well to order *at once*.

We will send a copy of either by mail, postpaid, for *one dollar*. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE NEW TARIFF LAW.

We have printed the new tariff law, occupying nearly four pages the size of those of THE BLADE. It contains the full text of the McKinley bill, as it became a law, and as it now stands in the United States Statutes—complete and unabridged.

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Send in your orders at once for copies of "the new tariff law," inclosing the stamps with the order. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

"FINANCE" AND "TARIFF."

Educational Work The Blade Proposes to Do This Summer.

The financial question, embracing free silver and other currency projects, has come up for solution, and bids fair to be as great an issue in the Presidential campaign of 1892 as was the tariff in that of 1888. In fact, the tariff and the currency questions will be the joint issues of the most hotly-contested Presidential campaign the country has seen since the war ern.

THE BLADE has always been pre-eminent for its earnest efforts to instruct its readers in the underlying principles of political issues; and on this currency question there is need of knowledge, both of the past history of money in all forms, and of the principles of finance. Hence we have begun, in the editorial columns of the Weekly BLADE, a series of articles entitled

"A FINANCE PRIMER,"

In which the history of American paper money and of our coinage will be given; the national banking system will be explained; clearing houses and the modern financial methods will be made plain; and the entire subject be made clear to every reader of ordinary intelligence.

We invite questions from BLADE subscribers *only*, on any point connected with financial questions. The points inquired about will be brought out in this series, in the proper place. Address all such letters, "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and write "Finance Question" in lower left-hand corner of envelope.

We have also begun another series of editorial articles, entitled,

"FREE TRADE FALLACIES."

These will be entirely devoted to showing the untruth of the claims of the free traders, which are persistently put forth all over the country.

There is no doubt that many Republican candidates for Congress were defeated last fall by the persistent lying of the free trade press and orators concerning the tariff. We propose to refute these falsehoods in this series.

If there is any free trade statement that you do not understand or can not refute, send it to us, to be used in these articles. Address your letter "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope write, "Tariff Question."

This series of papers will be alone worth ten times more than the subscription price for the whole year. See to it that you secure them by continuing your subscription to THE BLADE.

THE SILVER "POOL."

The House committee investigating the charge that Congressmen were interested in a pool to speculate in silver and profit from the silver law passed in July last, reports that it can find no evidence that there was a pool; that no speculation in silver prior to the passage of the law, by members of Congress, has been found; but that individual members dabbled in silver after the legislation was completed.

It is a pity that the committee could not have had the scope of its inquiries extended so as to cover the outside attempts to influence silver legislation There never was a bolder, more brazen lobby than that engaged in advocating the free silver bill. The silver mine owners had a committee in Washington permanently, and this committee frankly acknowledges the spending of many thousands of dollars in the printing of appeals and arguments favorable to their purposes, and sending them broadcast over the country, to bring pressure to bear upon Congress. An investigation of the silver lobby would probably have brought out a far more interesting report than that presented by the committee.

THE House has passed its substitute for the Senate shipping bill. The bill authorizes the Postmaster General to enter into contracts with American owners to carry our foreign mails on American steamships, from such ports of this country as will best subserve the postal and trade interests of this country. The vessels must be of American build and officered by American citizens. It is to be hoped the Senate will agree to it, else the whole matter will be delayed for at least two years.

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI is going to have reform. The final step should be to change her name. She will step on it some day and fall off the throne if she persists in wearing the present cognomen.

WHAT an excellent motto to emblazon on Republican banners "Blaine and Business" would be!

NORWAY'S EXPERIMENT IN CONTROLLING THE RUM TRAFFIC.

Alcoholic drinks are most fatal in their results, and produce their most dangerous effects quickest, in hot climates. The colder the climate, the greater amount the system can stand without yielding to the poison, and when great dampness is added to the cold, it increases the immunity of the drinker. Of course, the system yields sooner or later; but not so soon as in tropical countries.

Norway has a climate which is both cold and damp, and hence liquor-drinking is not so rapidly deleterious in its effects as in the United States, with our comparatively dry and much warmer climate; but the evils of intoxication became so great that the government, a number of years ago, took under consideration methods of combating them. This resulted in 1871 in the passage of a law aimed at distilled liquors. Ale, beer and wines were left out of consideration, as the climate is such that drinking is chiefly confined to ardent spirits.

Some figures have just reached us on the result of the Norwegian law, which we summarize for the benefit of our readers. Through its operation the total amount of spirituous liquors consumed in Norway fell from 2,612,520 gallons in in 1876 to 1,189,440 gallons in 1887. The figures for the city of Bergen, an important seaport and business center, enable us to study the workings of the law. In 1877, the total amount of liquor sold in that city averaged 2.2 quarts for every man, woman and child of its population. In 1889 this average was reduced to 1.3 quarts. That is, the total consumption of liquor was less by about 15,000 quarts, though in the twelve years the population had increased by about 10,000 people.

The Norwegian law is on the license principle. The municipal council is the licensing authority, and licenses are issued for five years. No private person can hold more than one license. A peculiar feature of the system is a provision of the law by which "societies which bind themselves to apply the possible profit of their trading in aid of objects of general public benefit and utility may hold all the licenses issued in one locality." The society must have the support of the municipal council and the sanction of the royal seal. As an illustration of the method by which these societies work under this provision, the city of Bergen furnishes a striking example.

The entire retail liquor business of Bergen is under the control of such a society, formed at the request of the municipal council. It began business in 1886 with a capital of 80,000 kroner (about $22,500), held by sixty-nine shareholders. It had fourteen places of business, eleven of which were saloons, two were shops where bottles of liquor were sold, and one was for both purchasers. Every precaution was taken to prevent inducements to drink being held out. The society was composed of the foremost citizens, and even the barkeepers were men of position and probity, who were paid a fixed salary, and had no interest in increasing business.

Note the result of thirteen years under this system: By the terms of the act, only 5 per cent interest is allowed to be received on the capital invested, and all surplus profits have to be given away. In thirteen years the Bergen society has distributed to museums, park funds, county retreats for children, Sunday homes for servants who have no friends, children's playground societies, total abstinence societies, and other valuable institutions no less a sum than $321,000. This has been done in a city having a population of 45,000.

We are told, however, that the wine and ale houses, which do not come under the provisions of the law, "have done a large business." We infer from this that, while there has been a marked decrease in the amount of distilled liquors drank in Bergen, there has probably been an increased consumption of beer, ale and wine. The law, however, has decreased drunkenness. The society has employed two detectives and two specially appointed policemen to prevent infringement upon its privileges and to prosecute drunkards. Yet, although there has been this increased strictness, the apprehensions for drunkenness and similar offenses, which were 1,186 in 1876, were only 729 in 1889.

The society takes every precaution against increasing drunkenness. No liquor is supplied to any one who shows any signs of having taken more than he can carry. The position of the organization may be thus stated. It says in effect to the municipality: "You have a traffic in your midst which one way or another will be carried on. Give us control of it, and we will make it as little objectionable as it possibly can be." The operations of the society since it began have certainly tended towards the extinction of the traffic in spirituous liquors.

This is interesting, as giving an insight into the workings of what is, perhaps, the most successful license law now in operation. But, like every other license law, it is a failure in the one vital point that it allows temptation in the path of the young and heedless, the morally weak and all others to whom opportunity means acceptance. So long as a saloon is open for the sale of Rum, so long will men fall under its dominion. The Norwegian law has decreased the sale of the stronger drinks and reduced the amount of drunkenness, but neither it nor any form of license yet devised can stop this unnecessary vice entirely. To do this, it is necessary, through Prohibition, to stop utterly the manufacture and sale, and thus

Pulverize the Rum Power.

COL. L. L. POLK, the president of the National (Southern) Farmers' Alliance, has just got back to Washington from a trip through the West and South, and is outspoken in declaring that the Alliance men do not approve of CLEVELAND'S letter on silver. He adds:

Of course there are now many Democrats in the South and West who are inclined to reproach Mr. Cleveland, though the corrupt manipulations o money and political intrigue he will be forced upon his party. On that point, however, the Alliance people are to be concerned, for if he be the nominee of any party he will utterly fail in securing the votes of the industrial organizations of the country. No man will get their votes for president of the United States unless he shall be in accord with them on the measures they seek to promote. To use a popular phrase, Mr. Cleveland has succeeded in placing himself on the top shelf of the back numbers, and there he will stay whatever the Democratic party may attempt to do with him.

THE American Protective Tariff League's correspondent at Stapleton, N. Y., says:

Republicans are getting together in this county, and are taking a more hopeful view of things. Prices are about the same as when the tariff bill was signed by the President, and free traders do not make as much ado as they did some weeks ago. A sober second thought enables them to see that the measure was misrepresented.

PRESIDENT HARRISON probably is thinking, from the chorus of approval all over the nation over FOSTER'S appointment, that he made a big mistake in not putting an Ohio man into the cabinet two years ago.

THERE never was a cabinet officer appointed who was so unanimously approved of in every way as Hon. CHARLES FOSTER.

"Nasby's" Greatest Work!

A Matter of Interest to Every New Subscriber of The Blade—And Old Ones as Well.

We wish every new subscriber to THE BLADE to read Mr. D. R. LOCKE'S last and greatest work—"The Demagogue," a story of life in Northwestern Ohio. It is not only a strongly interesting tale, but it teaches a lesson in right living and right doing that should be heeded by every young man in the country. As a picture of the "inside" of political life, shown in the life-career of a man with an ambition for wealth and office, and anxious to attain them by any means, and who fails because he is a demagogue, it stands alone and without a rival. It is the only American political novel worthy of the name. It is unique.

"The Demagogue" was published as a serial in THE BLADE during the fall and winter of 1889, and appeared in book form last fall. There are several thousand new subscribers to the paper since it appeared in these columns, and we wish them all to read and possess the last and strongest work of the greatest political satirist the United States ever produced.

We will send a copy of "The Demagogue" by mail, post paid, for $1.50;

Or we will send a copy, and the Weekly BLADE one year, for $2.

If your subscription is not yet out, that makes no difference; or we will credit you for one year for the time it will expire.

Those who read "The Demagogue" as a serial should have it in book form, for preservation in their libraries; and we make the same offer to them. Address orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

CHEAPER SUGAR.

That provisions of the new tariff law, whereby raw sugars up to and including that graded as No. 16, Dutch standard, shall be admitted free of duty, goes into effect on April 1. The result of that provision will be that all refined sugars will be two cents cheaper per pound than they now are.

In order to provide for the change, the law provides that during the month of March sugar may be refined and shipped to distributing points in bond, so as to be put upon the market at the reduced price on April 1. This is just to the dealer, who would otherwise be compelled to lose $5 or $6 a barrel on sugar which paid the present rate of duty; and it prevents any scarcity of sugar in the market at the time of the change. The Chicago *Tribune* has the following on the subject:

Several New York and Philadelphia refiners have already closed in anticipation of the busy season in March. Orders and bids are received on April 1 on sugar in Chicago alone at least 30,000 barrels, or 5.0 car-loads, will be ready for distribution. Every merchant in the country has ordered sugar for April delivery, and so great will be the consignments in the West that even cars will be bonded and arrangements made providing for the appointment of a large number of deputy inspectors to release sugar consigned to numerous places other than ports of entry. The capacity of railroads will be severely taxed, and the drayage at terminals will be immense.

The same paper gives an interesting talk with the agent of the Spreckels Refining company, who states that the present price of sugar in New York for April delivery is 4½ cents, in Chicago 4¾ cents, which will make the wholesale price 5 cents. If sugar is taken out of bond in March it will be at a cost of $2.60 per 100 pounds. He looks for some scarcity of sugar during the latter portion of March, because the merchants will endeavor not to have any considerable stock on hand on April 1; for they would lose more on one barrel of sugar that had paid the present duty, but was carried over into April, than they would make on ten barrels. Regarding the wholesale price, this gentleman said:

"The prices I have named as being in force at present are dependent on the present conditions of the market, but, though the contingencies may arise, such as an increase in the price of raw sugar, which would alter the April figure, 4¾ cents. The refineries will begin work on bonded sugar soon now—probably by March 1. Duty paid sugar will be supplied until the trade feels that it safely carry no more. That is being delivered in Chicago now at $6.81."

The *Tribune* also quotes Mr. W. H. HAVEMEYER, the agent of the Sugar Trust, as follows:

"The supply of sugar will be 1,000,000 barrels short the first of April. Orders are coming in thick and fast for April delivery, but the trade in March will be lively. Everybody wants to be caught, and orders for duty-paid sugar at a retail price of 6⅞ cents for granulated are being made conservatively, as a drop of two cents a pound will leave the dealer sadly in the hole if he has a lot of March sugar in stock.

"There will be an enormous increase of business in April, and in spite of active operations in bond during March the refineries will not be able to meet the shortage. Every kind of a transportation company from a railroad to a dray line will have all it can haul, and bonded warehouses will be made of depots and freight cars. The shipping in bond will begin, I should say, March 15, and the running ten days or two weeks before that time."

SENATOR HEARST.

Senator GEORGE HEARST, who died after a long illness, on Saturday, was a typical California statesman. It is a peculiar fact that nearly every man whose home is in California, prominent in public affairs of the nation, during the whole period since the Mexican war, has been a poor man, generally a day laborer, who through suddenly acquired wealth has risen to prominence.

Like FAIR, SHARON, HILL, MACKEY, and others, HEARST had been a miner, "struck pay dirt" and soon became a powerful factor in the commercial world of California and the Pacific slope. As a statesman Senator HEARST never grew to eminence. He was more of a man of business than a student of public affairs.

His death will make a slight political change in the Senate, the legislature of California being Republican and Senator HEARST a Democrat.

IT has been twenty years since Paris surrendered to the victorious German armies, yet the feeling of hatred toward Germany existing among the inhabitants of that city was stirred up to a high pitch by the visit of the widow of the late Emperor FREDERICK—so much so that it has caused an answering resentment in Berlin. The French artists, too, have shown their share of the same antagonism by refusing to exhibit their works at the coming Berlin exhibition. Probably the French consider this to be patriotism, but it certainly is not. It is an exhibition of childish resentment. That arrant humbug, NAPOLEON III, brought about the Franco-Prussian war for his own base ends, and then surrendered after Sedan, poltroon that he was. Then the French people should have asked for peace. The Third Empire had fallen, and with it should have ended the war brought about by NAPOLEON. But they chose to accept his quarrel as their own, and drank far deeper of the cup of defeat and humiliation. And the world will see, in this revival of anger and hatred, displayed over the visit of a woman, an indication of national decadence rather than of advance toward greater power among the nations.

SENATOR BLAIR, of New Hampshire, whose term expires March 4, has been appointed Minister to China. The appointment is a good one, and Mr. BLAIR deserves the compliment implied in it.

MORE than four-fifths of the new national banks chartered within the past year are in the West and South. The farming states seem to need them more than the manufacturing states.

THE DIRECT TAX BILL.

The direct tax measure, which has been before several Congresses, will probably become a law this time. It is simply a matter of justice already too long delayed. The facts are these: The constitution of the United States gives Congress the power to tax the states, to raise money for the needs of the federal government. It is provided, however, that any such direct tax shall be apportioned among the states in proportion to their population.

At the outbreak of the rebellion money was urgently needed, and Congress, by an act approved August 5, 1861, levied a direct tax of $20,000,000. Each state was given a certain time to assume and pay the share of its citizens; but if it did not, then the federal government was to put its own officials to work to collect the tax from the people of that state. It was also provided that an allowance or rebate of 15 per cent of the amount levied should be made when the state paid its quota within a stated time.

The loyal states responded promptly, but the rebel states did not, of course. Of the twenty millions levied, some $15,000,000 was collected; the rebates amounted to some $2,500,000, and about $2,500,000 was not paid. This sum is yet due, the following being the states and the amount owed the government by each:

Alabama	$506,793	S. Carolina	$141,174
Arkansas	107,184	Tennessee	277,493
Colorado	715	Texas	174,265
Florida	72,755	Utah	26,982
Georgia	466,884	Virginia	286,662
Mississippi	299,760	Washington	3,487
N. Carolina	198,742		

As, under a decision of the Supreme court, these amounts can not be collected, as the matter stands a manifest injustice is done the states which did pay the tax. To remedy this, a bill was formulated to pay back to the cities the sums they paid under the direct tax levy of 1861. It was passed in February, 1889, but Mr. CLEVELAND, two days before the expiration of his term, vetoed it.

A new bill was introduced in the present Congress, and has been passed by both branches. The House, however, added an amendment providing that no state shall be paid its share "until the legislature thereof shall have accepted the sum in full satisfaction of all claims against the United States on account of the collection of the tax." This will, without doubt, be accepted by the Senate, and the bill become a law. The amounts that will be paid back to the states are as follows:

Alabama	$ 29,520	North Carolina	$ 377,432
Arkansas	104,701	South Carolina	222,956
California	222,855	Missouri	646,868
Colorado	22,189	Nebraska	19,315
Connecticut	261,961	Nevada	5,905
Dakota	5,241	New Hampshire	185,645
Delaware	70,332	New Jersey	362,014
District of Columbia	40,437	New York	2,015,250
Florida	4,766	Oregon	29,869
New Mexico	62,646	Ohio	1,582,025
Georgia	117,982	Pennsylvania	1,855,711
Illinois	974,568	Rhode Island	69,416
Indiana	768,144	Tennessee	292,044
Iowa	384,274	Texas	80,841
Kansas	84,863	Vermont	179,407
Kentucky	606,641	Virginia	442,198
Louisiana	385,880	West Virginia	123,506
Maine	357,702	Washington	4,253
Maryland	371,296	Wisconsin	446,335
Massachusetts	705,891		
Michigan	420,486		
Minnesota	44,345		
Mississippi	113,324	Total	$15,237,632

The House amendment will cause the payments to be spread out over the next two years, because the legislatures of some of the states will not meet until next winter. This will be a good thing for the national treasury, as it will avoid the inconvenience that might arise for paying out $15,000,000 in almost a lump sum. The Ohio legislature is in session, and can act at once, thus putting over a million and a quarter into the state treasury to help the Democratic administration out of its financial troubles.

GEN. SHERMAN'S PORTRAIT.

We have just issued a new edition of THE BLADE'S portrait of General W. T. SHERMAN, made from one of his latest and best photographs. Senator SHERMAN, the lamented general's brother, attests its fidelity to the original.

They are printed on heavy plate paper, 19 by 24 inches, all ready for framing, and good enough for any household in the land. They are packed for mailing in heavy pasteboard tubes, and will be sent, postpaid, at 25 cents each.

Send quickly, as the edition is limited, and will soon be exhausted.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S name has long been a household word in every American home wherein there is a love of literature. To every such an one it will be pleasant news that HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. have just issued an entirely new "Atlantic Portrait" of Mr. LOWELL to replace the one issued some years ago. The present portrait is from a photograph by GUTEKUNST, and is an almost full-face view, the head slightly turned to the left. It is a strong and good bit of lithographic work, and will be eagerly sought and highly prized by every lover of one of the strongest and truest of American writers. It is life-size, and sells at $1 per copy, by mail. Address HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., 4 Park street, Boston.

SOME friend has our thanks for a copy of the Liverpool, England, *Mercury* of February 5, in the columns of which occurs this paragraph:

The effect of the McKinley tariff on the exports of cutlery from Sheffield to the United States is again strikingly shown by the official figures relating to the past month. In January, 1890, the exports amounted in value to £15,415, whereas last month the value was only £8,351, a falling off of nearly 50 per cent.

That means that the falling off of $36,000 in the amount of Sheffield cutlery we purchase per month is made up by an increase in the amount we produce at home. The money paid for it is kept at home, and goes to support American workingmen rather than their English fellows.

INDIANA will have a new legislative apportionment which will give to the Democrats a ten years' lease upon the control of affairs in the state. This is one of the worst things that could happen to Indiana, for since the Democrats have been in control the state has been nearly bankrupted, institutions almost fallen into decay for lack of appropriations, and a general disorganization followed. A continuation of the Democratic control is not at all fraught with glowing promise of the future of the tax-payer in Indiana.

THE national gathering of women in Washington should at once take up and explain why a woman can't keep a secret. They can find an admirable text in the fact that in the baccarat scandal, which is convulsing London, and involves the Prince of WALES, every person having knowledge thereof was pledged to silence, but it became public in this wise: A man belonging to the Prince's set, and cognizant of the matter, told it *in strict confidence* to one woman!

THE trouble over a single or a divided site for the World's fair has been settled at last by the adoption of a single site. This will not be so beneficial to Chicago as a divided show, but it will be advantageous to the visitors. A World's fair in two places could not be the complete success which an entire exhibit on one site would be.

CITY people should know that pig iron is not a product of the farm.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

That the more intelligent and thoughtful class of American citizens are fully committed to civil service reform—that is, that the purely administrative positions under the government, the incumbents of which are appointed, not elected, shall be filled by appointments based on merit, and be taken out of the control of political office-holders—is admitted by every candid observer. That there is, however, another large class who look upon it with disfavor, must also be admitted.

The latter are unable to dissociate the idea of a political victory from the offices. They fail to see that the question of an election is, "what principles shall be followed in the administration of the government?" and not, "which party shall have the parceling out of the appointive positions?" They have been indoctrinated with the pernicious maxim of WM. L. MARCY—"to the victor belongs the spoils"—which was first put into practical effect by ANDREW JACKSON, and which has been one of the curses of our politics from that day to this.

Those who look upon all appointive positions as the legitimate prey of the victorious party have numberless objections to the system which aims to take these positions out of politics, and make only fitness and efficiency the test; but of these there is but one of any real cogency. This is, that if a man (or woman) is to be allowed to hold a position so long as he discharges its duties efficiently and properly, that necessarily creates an office-holding class; that these people's children will be educated with a view to similar occupation, and finally this matter of minor office-holding will not only be confined to one class, but be largely hereditary in that class.

This is a repugnant idea; for a large proportion of the American people are qualified for these positions, and would be glad of a chance to occupy them; there is a deeply-rooted feeling against perpetuity in office, as is seen in the opposition to "third terms," or even to a second term. The principle of "rotation in office" is cherished, because it gives more people a chance; and they do not take kindly to the idea of what is practically a life term.

The plan THE BLADE suggested some years since would remove these objections, and would furthermore be advantageous in that it would secure the services of men in their prime, and prevent what will be inevitable in the civil service system as it is at present—the creation of a civil pension list, for government clerks who have served until they are too old to do effective work. Our plan is, to have a fixed term of four years for each properly qualified clerk or other employe, during which period he will be removable only for good cause; and that, at the expiration of his term, he shall be ineligible for any appointive government position, of any character, for the succeeding four years.

A man would then take his turn at office, and afterward be compelled to earn his bread by some private occupation for the next four years. This would put a stop to the fearful crush of applicants who, having once held a government appointment, think they must perforce have another. It would also prevent the creation of a permanent office-holding class. The only exceptions to this rule should be those positions which require exceptional technical and scientific knowledge.

OUR CHINA SETS—HOW THEY LIKE THEM.

We print a few of the letters we have received within the past week from subscribers who have obtained our premium china sets:

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 20.—The China tea set, of 56 pieces, came safe to hand to-day; not a piece missing or broken; freight only $1.20; everything rather better than is promised in your ad. in THE BLADE. The subscribers each received their paper and are much pleased with it. I was a long time in receiving them, but the fault was not in you. They lay 24 days in the post office after their arrival. I do not only look upon them as a premium, but a handsome present, for which please accept my sincere thanks. Any publisher treating its agents as you are doing, cannot help but succeed.—NELLIE MAY SMITH.

ROCHESTER, Mo., Feb. 20.—I received the tea set on February 7 all right. I think they are a very nice set of dishes. They suit me, I think they ought to suit any one, and am much obliged. Several of the neighbors have been to see them.—MARY B. WAY.

LIBERTY SQUARE, Pa., Feb. 23.—I received my china tea set of 56 pieces all right; not a broken piece. They were better than I expected.—VIOLA SHOWALTER.

GREENUP, KY., Feb. 22.—I have received the tea set of 56 pieces; am very much pleased with them. Please accept thanks.—MRS. S. BIERLEY.

MAYWOOD, ILL., Feb. 24.—Blade set of 80 pieces china received in good condition. Freight 75 cents. Set is very much better than we expected. My wife feels richly paid for her work in getting up the club.—WM. H. CHURCHILL.

ROODHOUSE, Ill., Feb. 22.—My tea set No. 2 received yesterday, and I was very much pleased with it. It was much nicer than I expected. Will raise another club before long. Yours respectfully, MRS. CHARLES BURGER.

SMITHFIELD, Pa., Feb. 23.—I received the standard tea set all right. We are much pleased with them. They were much nicer than we expected. Hope we may be able to add the 28 pieces in the near future. Respectfully Yours, E. L. DOWNEY.

SUMNER HILL, Ill., Feb. 23.—I received my china tea set on the 24th all right; not a piece broken. I am very much pleased with them, and think I am more than paid for my trouble. I hope to be able to add the dinner set some time. Please accept thanks.—MRS. G. B. MILLER.

WOODBURN, Ind., Feb. 23.—China set received the 23d of this month. Very much pleased. Will send the other club as soon as possible.—MRS. E. L. COSE.

Similar acknowledgements have been received from Mrs. J. A. B., Fredonia, N. Y.; Emily Jenkins, Milan, Ill.; Mrs. J. C. Updegraff, Roodhouse, Ill.; Mrs. O. R. Garrett, South Trenton, N. Y.; S. W. Atkinson, Somerset, Ky.; Dora Clark, Fountain, Ind.; D. W. Crossen, Olathe, Kan.; and Mrs. Ida E. Rulong, Rosby's Rock, West Virginia.

IN passing the bill to increase the salaries of federal judges to $5,000 per year, Congress has done a wise thing. This salary, even, is a small one for a lawyer of the talent and acquirements necessary to a judge in the federal courts, and no man fitted for such a position but can make twice or thrice as much in the practice of the law.

AN Illinois paper makes the excellent point that the Democratic doctrine seems to be to "inflate the currency to make prices high, and abolish the tariff to make prices low." The situation could not be more graphically put.

THOUGH the Michigan Democrats have not been in power in the legislature for years, they steal Senators and gerrymander districts with the ease and grace of an Indiana Bourbon or a coal oil legislature in Ohio.

THE probability is that COLUMBUS will be canonized by the Roman Catholic church before the World's Fair begins in 1893. It will sound queer to have the distinguished discoverer called "St. COLUMBUS."

CHAS. FOSTER.
JOHN SHERMAN.
SALMON P. CHASE.

This is Ohio's pyramid of great financiers.

THE Democratic contest for Speaker of the House comes on in a short time. The contest for Howler was long ago settled by the election of the entire Democratic delegation to the position.

TO BOYS WHO WISH TO MAKE POCKET MONEY.

A considerable demand has sprung up in many quarters for copies of the Weekly BLADE, to be sold on the streets in towns and cities. This demand is increasing, and we refer to it here because we think many boys and young men—boys in school, for instance—can make some spending-money by selling the Weekly BLADE in the town or city in which they may live.

If you wish to try it, write us a letter asking for terms and instructions for selling the Weekly BLADE on the streets Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

GEN. SHERMAN AND FORAKER.

At Music hall in Cincinnati, on September 25, 1889, Gen. SHERMAN paid this tribute to Governor FORAKER, at an immense mass meeting:

Well I remember you, my young friend or boy, as you came through the pine woods that day on your horse, covered with latter, and came to my bivouac at night and reported to me the message from your general, Slocum. * * * I tell you that young man, now governor of the state of Ohio, and wielding great power, was a beautiful sight to me when he rode up to me in those pine woods, covered with mud, not fit to be presented to this audience; a boy, as I thought, and with a man's message, and delivering it as a man and as a soldier. From that date to this I have loved Governor Foraker. * * * I wish you all honor, all glory, all fame. I wish you may rise to the highest position this American people can give you.

Monday evening, before an immense throng, in Music Hall draped in mourning for the hero who uttered those words, Governor FORAKER pronounced an eulogy upon Gen. SHERMAN. It was a magnificent effort, and brought new laurels to Ohio's ex-governor. In his peroration Ex-Governor FORAKER said:

But he never changed his mind about political place. Neither the Presidency nor any other civil station had for him the slightest fascination. Time and again he forbade the use of his name in such a connection. He was great enough to be content with the high success he had attained in the profession for which he had been educated, and to be remembered and honored by his countrymen as the great soldier he was.

Of commanding stature, martial bearing and graceful carriage, the bare sight of him was enough to attract attention and excite admiration in any assemblage. He seemed by intuition almost to know all about nature, science, literature and art. He was a perfect magazine of all kinds of knowledge. In conversation, although at times brusque and blunt, he was both instructive and charming; and, while making no pretensions to oratory, he was in public speech fluent, versatile and forcible. His sharp, crisp and striking sentences fell upon the ear like the rattle of musketry.

He wrote as well as he talked. He had a military directness and precision of statement that was almost classical in simplicity and strength. His letters are equal to Napoleon's, and his memoirs will be for the Americans of the future what Cæsar's Commentaries are for the Romans.

And who that enjoyed it can ever forget the warmth of his friendship? It was equaled only by the tenderness of his nature, the steadfastness of his loyalty and his absolute freedom from every species of petty meanness.

Of distinguished family, he was, nevertheless, in every essential and honorable sense, one of those whom Lincoln styled the common people.

Born to command, he knew how to obey. Proud to do right, he was humility itself in the presence of duty. Possessed of all the supreme power that pertained to his elevated rank, he never allowed himself to forget or disregard the rights of the humblest of his private soldiers. In his intercourse with men, he constantly recognized that the true dignity that lies at the basis and constitutes the genious of free popular government. Free from sentimentalism, and despising all affectation and indecority, his nature was rife with all good men and all good deeds. The world is vastly better for his having lived in it. He is dead! Yes, he is dead! But the good that he did will live on forever and ever. The years will but brighten the pages of his history and add to his glory and fame.

TURNER'S "GRAND CANAL."

We have another new picture to offer THE BLADE'S readers—a fine copy of TURNER'S famed $100,000 painting, "Grand Canal of Venice." Read the description in the Publishers' Column, 5th page of this issue.

THE HAWAIIAN SITUATION.

The new queen of the Sandwich Islands has, it would seem from recent information from the islands, determined to have a government for the Islanders, by the Islanders, and to cut loose from the old influences which dominated the government during much of the life of the deceased king, KALAKAUA. How much truth there is in the report it is impossible to say, but it was well-known when the king died that Queen LILIUOKALANI was not so friendly to the United States as her predecessor had been, and that in the event of WILCOX being made chamberlain the government would lean now toward England.

British influence appears to be at work in Hawaii and in the jealousies against the missionaries so deep seated in the native mind, are found the germs of a dissension which may result unfavorably to this country. The importance of the Sandwich Islands is not fully realized by our people. To allow England to exercise a protectorate or even gain a chance of indirectly controlling affairs would be dangerous to our growing commerce upon the Pacific. While it it not necessary that annexation should follow, the natural protector of Hawaii is the United States.

Complete native supremacy in Hawaii is impossible. The native party owes its knowledge of public affairs and governmental modes to the education received chiefly from America. The knowledge thus gained will be used by Chamberlain WILCOX in the reorganization under the new queen, but it would be simply suicide to cut loose commercially from the United States.

Cable communication between Honolulu and the United States would mean an end to the intriguing of English interests, and, though not annexation, closer commercial unity would follow.

VILAS AS A PRESIDENTIAL QUANTITY.

Since the Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND wrote his now celebrated silver letter, the western Democrats have practically abandoned any idea of his nomination for the Presidency next year. The cry, starting in Ohio and reaching to the Pacific, from the Democratic press, is for a "Western Man." Not a Western man with solid financial ideas, but as the able Seneca *Advertiser* and Columbus *Post* remark, a Western man who is right on the free coinage side of the silver question.

Until a few days ago, when the Democratic legislature of Wisconsin passed a resolution against free coinage, it was supposed that Senator-elect VILAS, of that state, might possibly be the candidate which the majority of the Western Democratic newspapers are now asking for. But the resolution in question was introduced with the distinct understanding that it reflected the sentiments of Mr. VILAS, and as the representative of the Democratic majority in the legislature he would vote in accordance with those instructions when called upon to do so in the United States Senate. This will end Mr. VILAS as a Presidential quantity, since it was only the free coinage people who asked for his nomination.

He never has stood any chance of a nomination except as a representative of the Western silver people. In their extremity now the Democrats who want a Western man may turn to Governor BOIES, of Iowa, or to WILLIAM A. MORRISON, of Illinois.

FROM the campaign lies Sir JOHN MACDONALD is fathering in the Canadian contest, an American is led to believe that he once practiced politics in Cincinnati as a member of the McLEAN crowd.

A FINANCE PRIMER.

4.—History of Our Coinage up to 1873.

The first coinage law of the United States was passed April 2, 1792. It provided for the coinage of the gold eagle ($10) to weigh 270 grains; the half, and the quarter eagle, of proportionate weights—to be made of metal containing 916⅔ parts of pure gold in 1,000. The silver coins were the dollar, to weigh 416 grains; half-dollar, quarter-dollar, dime and half dime—to be made of metal containing 892.4 parts of pure silver in 1,000.

This gave a ratio between silver and gold of 15 to 1—that is, 15 ounces of silver were made equal to 1 ounce of gold. But at this ratio the gold was the more valuable. That is, you could exchange ten silver dollars, made by law the same in value, for a $10 gold piece. But the gold piece was worth a fraction more than $10, to sell as bullion. So the result was, all the gold coined in the country went abroad in bullion. Up to 1832, there had been coined $6,000,000 in gold; and it is on official record that none of that gold coin was in the country.

The ratio of 1 to 15 was continued, however, until 1834, when Congress reduced the weight of the gold eagle to 258 grains (thus making 23.8 grains of metal a dollar), to be made of metal containing 899.225 parts of pure gold in 1,000. This changed the ratio between silver and gold to 16 to 1—that is, 16 parts by weight of silver equalled 1 part of gold in value.

Congress next changed the complexity of the standards of fineness of our coinage by act of January 18, 1837, adopting the system of 9 parts of pure metal to 1 part of alloy in every 10 parts by weight. The weight of the gold coins remained unchanged, but the weight of the silver dollar was reduced to 412½ grains, and the minor silver coins in proportion. This made the ratio a very small fraction less than 16 to 1.

The result was that our silver coins were more valuable than our gold coins, and the silver was largely exported. Congress then, by act of February 21, 1853, caused the subsidiary silver coins—that is, all less than the silver dollar—to be reduced in weight. The half-dollar, instead of being half the weight of the dollar—206¼ grains—was reduced to 192 grains, and the smaller coins proportionally. Instead of being a legal tender in all amounts, a limit was put on this, as stated in the last number.

This put a stop to the export of subsidiary silver; but the silver dollar, which remained at its former weight, was exported, so that but few were in circulation. Those old enough to remember the ten years prior to the war will recall that silver dollars were very seldom seen. These conditions continued in our coinage until the war, when the advent of a paper currency drove both silver and gold out of circulation, and from 1862 to 1878 there was practically no coin, save nickels and cents, used by the people in every-day buying and selling.

5.—The Lesson of History.

This history of our coinage shows clearly the fact that, when two coins, of the same face value, are put in circulation side by side, they can only circulate together so long as both have the same intrinsic value. If the metal in the one is worth more in the world's market than the metal in the other, the one worth the more will leave the country as bullion; or, expressed in different words, the less valuable drives out the more valuable.

From 1792 to 1834 the metal in our gold coinage was worth more than the metal in our silver coinage; consequently, gold coins could not be kept at home, but steadily went abroad.

Then the ratio was changed by revision of the coinage laws, and our silver coins made relatively the more valuable. Hence they were sent abroad. The reduction in the weight of the subsidiary coinage stopped its export, but the dollars went abroad steadily.

The proposition now is, for free coinage of the silver dollar, and to give it unlimited legal

Science Causerie.

Luminous Flames without Shadows.

The only luminous flames, according to Professor Vivian Lewes, which do not throw shadows are those which consist of glowing vapors and gases. Luminous gas flame, oil-lamp flame, and candle flame produce strongly-marked shadows in sunlight, and therefore contain finely-divided solid matter. That this can be nothing but carbon is evident from the fact that that all other substances capable of remaining solid at the temperature of these flames are absent. From these considerations, it seems that Sir Humphrey Davy's statement, "that the intensity of the light of flames depends principally upon the production and ignition of solid matter, in combustion," is the true one.

The decree of luminosity of a flame is affected by the constituents of the gas other than heavy hydrocarbons. Some, like marsh gas, although ordinarily burning with an apparently non-luminous flame and separating no soot, yet add considerable to the luminosity at the temperature of the flame, whilst others, like carbon monoxide, reduce it. The luminosity of a flame is increased by increase of density in the media in which it is burning, and decreased by rarefaction. Physicists are not agreed as to the cause of this, but the effect of pressure is very marked, even under ordinary atmospheric pressure, the difference of an inch in the barometric column making 5 per cent difference in the luminosity.

The World's Submarine Cables.

When it is considered that some 10,000 messages daily are sent over the ten cables connecting Europe and North America, something will be realized of the present importance of submarine telegraphy. The cables of the world, according to Mr. Geo. W. Niven, now number 1,045, of which 798 belong to governments and 247 to private companies. The total length is 120,070 nautical miles, of which 107,546 miles are owned by private telegraph companies, nearly all British, and 12,524 by governments. The Eastern Telegraph company has 70 cables of a total length of 12,958 nautical miles. The British government has 103 home cables of a total lenth of 1,489 miles and 216 colonial cables of a total length of 3,811 miles. Of the other government cables, Norway has 206, averaging less than a mile each. The longest cable extends from Brest, France, to St. Pierre Miquelon, a small island off the south coast of Newfoundland, and measures 2,085 nautical, or 3,092 statute miles. The oldest cable in use is the one first laid—from Dover to Calais—and dates from 1851.

Electric Heating of Cars.

One of the most recent uses of electricity is the heating of railway cars. The system is to be introduced on the West End railway of Boston which is supplied with the Thomson-Houston appliances, and it promises to be a perfect success. The system is very simple. It consists in heating the proper resistances by currents taken from the overhead conductors. The current is not sufficiently strong to fuse the resistance coils or oxidize the iron, but will generate heat which can easily be diffused by radiation. The resistance coils can be placed underneath the seats thus insuring safety and at the same time heating the car at all points. As they are under perfect control of either the conductor or driver, the heat can be kept at a very even temperature. The heating circuit, like the lighting circuit, is independent of the motors, thus being in continual service whether the car is in operation or at a standstill.

A Vegetable Fly.

One of the most curious natural productions of the West Indies is the famed vegetable fly, an insect about the size and color of a drone bee, but without wings. In the month of May it buries in the earth and begins to vegetate. By the beginning of June a sprout has issued from the creature's back and made its appearance above the surface of the ground. By the end of July the tiny tree (known on the island as the fly tree) has attained its full size, being then about three inches high, but a perfect tree in every particular, much resembling a delicate coral branch. Pods appear on its branches as soon as it arrives at its full growth; these ripen and drop off in August. Instead of containing seeds, as one would naturally suppose, these pods have from three to six small, hard worms upon the interior.

Effect of Frost on Stone.

An English chemical journal reports a series of experiments by Mr. Banschinger to determine the resistance to frost of natural and artificial building stones. From three to six pieces of each kind were selected, and their tensile strength, wet and dry, their capacity for absorbing water, alteration in volume, tensile strength and behavior toward water after freezing and thawing 25 times, and their specific gravity were determined. Of samples of 21 different kinds of natural stone, only six—one of dolorite, one of diorite, and four of sandstones—were found to resist repeated freezing, though four others resisted fairly but not absolutely. Of 41 samples of artificial stone similarly tested, only three were thoroughly unaffected, while eight were fairly resistant.

Aluminum in Iron.

A minute percentage of aluminum has the effect, as is well known, of lowering the melting point of iron or steel, making it extremely fluid, and facilitating the production of castings free from blowholes. The new Stefanite process, with which experiments have been made in Germany, is designed to lessen the cost of the alloy and make its general use practicable. This process consists simply in the addition of emery and alum before the iron ore or pig is melted, the reaction of the alum on the emery giving rise to vapors of metallic aluminum, which instantly alloy themselves with the iron, imparting the improved qualities which have hitherto been gained by the addition of manufactured aluminum or ferro-aluminum.

As Good as Gutta-Percha.

A Portuguese scientist, Senhor da Costa, is reported to have discovered an excellent and abundant substitute for gutta-percha in the solidified fluid which issues from the nivol-cantem, a tree that grows wild in the Concan district of the Bombay Presidency, India, where it is generally planted for hedges.

NEW YORK'S OLDEST HOUSE.

Washington, Lafayette, Putnam and Stuben Have Stopped in It.

The oldest house in New York stands at 122 William street. It was built in 1692, during which year the corporation opened up the streets between Wall and Fair streets. Fair street is now called Fulton street. Lots were sold by the city and one of the terms of purchase required the buyers to erect buildings thereon of brick or stone not less than two stories high. The house was built of narrow Dutch bricks brought over from Holland as ballast and laid in an imperishable cement, which is as hard to-day as the bricks themselves.

On the grounds immediately back of the house was shed the first blood of the revolution. This was at the battle of Golden Hill, which was fought two months before the Boston massacre. About eighty members of the Sixteenth regiment of Foot (English) had taken up their position on the highest point of the Golden Hill, which was situated on the block now bounded by William, John, Fulton and Gold streets. The sons of liberty hastily collected some muskets and pistols and marched to the hill, determined to disperse the soldiers and make them prisoners. Blood was shed on both sides. An old man was shot through the head, three citizens and five soldiers were wounded. The house was used at various periods before and during the revolution as a tavern. Among its patrons were George Washington, Baron Steuben, General Putnam and Lafayette.

An Impressionist.

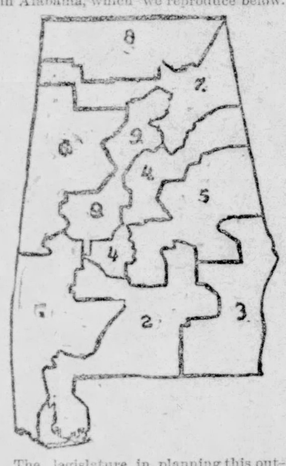
"Almost all de Feuilleton's work is so disjointed. His essays are always broken up by lines of stars. What's the sense of that?"

"They indicate the places where he dipped his pen into the mucilage bottle, and stopped abruptly to make a few remarks. The stars represent the remarks."—[Puck.

STEALING A STATE.

The Infamous Gerrymander of Alabama by the Democratic Legislature.

While it is nearly always possible for Alabama to send a solid Democratic delegation to Washington, the influx of Northern people into the state during the past few years, has made the Democratic leaders fearful least there might be a change in the controlling power, and a Republican or two sent to the national capital. To avoid the possibility of such a thing, the present legislature of the state has made a gerrymander which goes beyond anything ever known in the history of crazy quilt statesmanship or Democratic infamy. The 681,431 colored population are practically wiped out of existence as factors in the federal elections. The nine Congressmen to which the state is now entitled—an increase of one—will therefore really represent a population of only 830,796, which is the number of white people within its borders, or about 90,000 population to a district. How the Bourbon Democracy manages to do this, while New York and other Northern states give a free ballot and a fair count to every voter among the 173,991 people in each of their Congressional districts, is illustrated by the grotesque and irregular geographical lines fixed under the new apportionment in Alabama, which we reproduce below.



The legislature, in planning this outrageous gerrymander, says the New York *Mail and Express*, made no effort to conceal its purpose of disfranchising every voter not a Democrat and Union destructionist. The Montgomery *Advertiser*, still published within a stone's throw of the spot in which Jefferson Davis was made President of the rebel Confederacy, declared:

"The nine Congressional districts can be so arranged that they will be safely and beyond peradventure Democratic and within the control of the white people therein, and it should be done without hesitancy. It would meet the universally recognized and well defined principle of white supremacy, and remove even the semblance of suggestion of Federal prosecution or persecution of our people. Let us have Democratic districts, and let there be no more doubt or evasion about it."

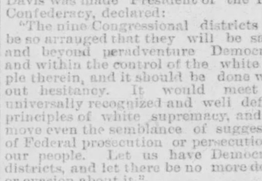
Every Congressman sent to Washington under this avowed determination only "to meet the well-defined principles of white supremacy," will cast a vote equally as influential in shaping legislation for the nation as one sent from a Northern state by the enlightened and untrammeled exercise of the popular will. A principle of government more clearly defined than their doctrine of white supremacy, and freely accepted in every community outside of the late rebel states, is that every legal voter should be permitted to cast his ballot and have it counted unterrorized by threats of shotguns, social ostracism, or personal violence, and that where this is impossible representation in the national legislature should be reduced to the limits marked out "by the well-defined principles" upon which Alabama has disfranchised nearly one-half its population.

The other Bourbon states that joined the German conspiracy against the Columbian exposition and other Northern enterprises as readily as they became participants in the greater conspiracy against the Union in 1861, will undoubtedly do their share in this latest effort to defeat the popular will. We expect to see every other Southern state follow Alabama's lead. Under these circumstances it is surprising that Northern voters have no patience with those Republican Senators who have stood in the way of the enactment of the Federal elections bill?

OCEAN GREYHOUNDS.

Records of the Race for Supremacy Between Rival Companies.

The marvelous development of the modern ocean steamship, from the small, slow-going vessels of thirty years ago, which occupied from ten to fifteen days on a voyage between Europe and America, to the magnificent floating palaces, which carry their thousands of passengers across the Atlantic in less than six days, has been an important factor in the growth and prosperity of New York city. This great reduction in the time occupied in making the ocean trip has been the result of many years of experimenting in the construction of steamships, enormous sums of money having



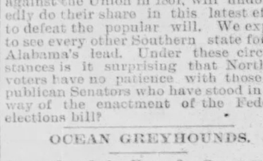
CITY OF NEW YORK.

been expended in order to attain the present high standard in vessels and machinery.

Soon after the establishment of the first steamship lines it was discovered that travelers preferred to patronize the steamers which made the fastest trips, and then began the rivalry between the various companies by which the modern steamship has been evolved.

The competition led to the adoption of every improvement in marine machinery or architecture which promised greater speed; and every device of engineering skill by which the record could be lowered, if but one hour, was eagerly utilized.

Among the steamships which have at various times won reputations as record-breakers are the Russia of the Inman line, which in 1869 made the voyage from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in 7 days 18 hours, and 2 minutes; the Britannic, of the White Star line, with a record in 1877 of 7 days, 10 hours, and 53 minutes; the Servia, of the Cunard line, record in 1888, 7 days, 7 hours, and 41 minutes; the Arizona, of the Guion line, record in 1879, 7 days, 7 hours, and 48 minutes, and the City of Paris, of the Inman line, record in 1889, 5 days, 19 hours, and 13 minutes.



TEUTONIC.

Popular interest during the past year has centered in the two great racers, the Teutonic of the White Star Line, and the City of New York of the Inman Line as they sailed simultaneously on all their voyages, and were nearly equal in speed. The statistics for 1890 show that each of these steamships has crossed the Atlantic sixteen times in the months from May to December.

The average time shown by the Teutonic's log is 5 days, 6 hours and 5 minutes, and by the City of New York's 6 days, 4 hours and 55 minutes. In August the Teutonic accomplished the voyage from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in 5 days, 19 hours and 5 minutes, making the fastest time on record between these places.

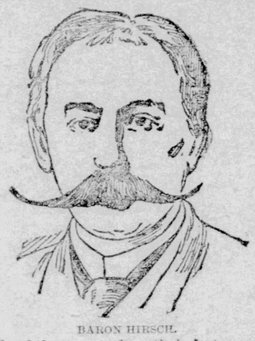
A Chance to Make Money.

I feel it my duty to inform others of my success plating spoons, castors, jewelry, etc. The first week I cleared $27.50, and in three weeks $80. By addressing the Lake Electric Co., Englewood, Ill., you can get circulars. Six months ago I was poor, I now have a nice home and bank account, all the product of $3 invested in a Plater. A READER.

Baron Hirsch's Charity.

The Philanthropist's Fabulous Wealth—His Aid to the Hebrews—His Wife and Her Great Charities.

The Baron de Hirsch has come prominently before the New York and American public during the past week or ten days as the donor of the stupendous sum of 12,000,000 francs, or $2,400,000, to be used for the education and Americanizing of the Russian Hebrew immigrants who have been forced to leave the land of their birth by the cruel and despotic



BARON HIRSCH.

rule of the czar, and try their fortunes in a new land and strange field. Some of these immigrants on arriving here, ys the New York *Journal*, were successful in their endeavors to make a living, but many, and by far the greater majority, were not. They drifted into the great tenement houses of the East Side, where they starved and barely managed to exist, sleeping and eating six and eight in a room. They were, in fact, worse off, if anything, than they were in Russia, where they were subjected to all kinds of indignities and oppression at the hands of the Russians.

Thirty-eight thousand of these people landed in New York during the past twelve months. About three thousand were capable and able to support themselves and their families decently, while the remaining 35,000 became a part of the vast tenement house population whose miseries and sufferings are as constant as the day.

It was the unhappy lot of these people that prompted Baron Hirsch to make his magnificent gift. Under the efficient management of such New Yorkers as Jesse Seligman, Oscar Straus, Myer S. Ispaes, Jacob H. Schiff, James H. Hoffman, Henry Rice and Julius Goldman, all of whom were selected by the Baron Hirsch as the men to carry out his philanthropic ideas, the income of the vast sum will relieve untold suffering and make thousands of miserable beings happy.

It is doubtful if there is any one individual who possesses an equal amount of wealth with the baron. His fortune, notwithstanding his fabulous charitable gifts, is roughly estimated at $200,000,000, or 1,000,000,000 francs. It may be $10,000,000 more, or it may be $10,000,000 less, but it is safe to say that even the baron does not know what his immense fortune really amounts to. At any rate, it has been computed that the baron's income is between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000 francs a year, or between $10,000,000 and $12,000,000.

About eight years ago the Baron retired from the money-making field. At about this time he married the daughter of one his partners, Miss Bischoffsheim, who brought him a dowry of 100,000,000 francs, or $20,000,000. The fortune has been invested separately from the Baron's wealth, and with the income the Baroness de Hirsch does perhaps more good in a charitable way than any other woman in all Europe.

The baron personally is a markedly handsome man. He is of medium height and gracefully but compactly built. He has a face in which kindness and intellectuality are strongly marked. His forehead is massive and high, while his eyes are as soft and gentle as a woman's. His hair is almost white, while his long military mustache is a dark brown, which with his dark eyes and clear complexion, makes the coloring in his face very pleasing.

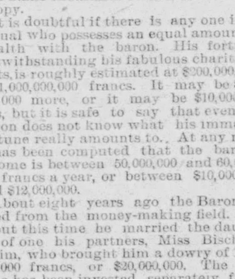
He is a brilliant talker and converses fluently in English, French, German, Russian, Italian, and, in fact, all of the languages of Continental Europe. He has a deep and broad knowledge of all political, social, financial and economic questions, and it is his constant study of these matters which has allowed him to make such a wide and charitable use of his immense wealth.

DEEP SEA CABLES.

An Interesting Talk by the Noted Cyrus W. Field.

According to the father of the deep water cable, Cyrus W. Field, submarine telegraphy is only in its infancy.

Thirteen cables are stretched from America to Europe to-day. Communication with London can be had more quickly than with Poughkeepsie. In the space of five minutes the President of the United States can flash his congratulations to the English Queen or announce the declaration of war on her people. All these are feats that only forty years ago would have seemed utopian dreams.



CYRUS W. FIELD.

Yet Mr. Field says that within the next twenty-five years the work already accomplished will seem but a puny effort, and that when a baker's dozen of cables now suffice, probably five times that many will be required, while the system will be extended in all directions.

"For various reasons," Mr. Field said to a *Continent* reporter yesterday at his house, No. 123 East Twenty-first street, "ocean telegraphy can never be as cheap as telegraphing over land lines. In 3,000 miles of wire in an ocean cable there are only two points from which messages can be sent—one on each side of the water. In land lines there is a receiving and dispatching office every few miles. In a land line from New York to Philadelphia, tolls are collected at Newark, Paterson and a dozen other stations along the route. In an ocean cable there can be no intermediate office, and two stations must bear all the expense and provide all the revenue.

"Then, too, the cost of constructing and maintaining a land line makes much cheaper rates possible for this service. During the last storm I read that a telegraph pole blew down on which 160 wires were strung. In a cable covering which corresponds to the pole in a land line, only one wire can be carried. Then, to keep up a deep-sea line involves a terrible expense. A break that once occurred in one of our cables cost us half a million dollars to repair When a land line goes down it is a comparatively easy and inexpensive matter to restore it. In a cable a steamship has to be sent out, and sometimes the repairers have to grapple for weeks in 3,000 fathoms of water before they can find the two ends.

"And while this is going on all revenue from the cable is cut off. On the other hand, in a land line the intermediate points continue to earn money.

"But while all these facts will keep the price of ocean telegraphy higher than it is on land for the same distance, the price per word will, no doubt continue to grow cheaper with increased business, as it has in the past, and cabling will become almost as popular as telegraphing is to-day. Even now it is very generally employed by business men. Take my own case. I send seven cables where I send one letter. In this age people can't afford to trust to the slow ocean mails where important matters are concerned."

Census Figures.

Population of All Cities and Towns of Over 3,000 by This Year's Census.

Readers of THE BLADE will find below a carefully prepared transcript from the official returns of the federal census of 1890, showing the population of cities and towns of more than 3,000, arranged alphabetically by states, together with the figures of 1880, thus indicating the growth of the last ten years. In a few cases the official returns are not yet attainable, but the figures here given may be relied upon as correct. The list will be continued from week to week until all are given. Cut them out and paste them in a scrap-book, and you will have your own census report.

	1870.	1880.	1890.
Oregon.			
Albina	....	143	5,104
Astoria	639	2,803	7,071
East Portland	880	2,934	10,471
East Salem	....	....	4,515
Eugene	861	1,117	3,996
Portland	8,293	17,577	46,385
The Dalles	947	2,232	3,015
Rhode Island.			
Bristol	5,302	6,028	....
Burrillville	4,674	5,114	....
Coventry	4,349	4,519	....
Cranston	4,282	5,940	....
Cumberland	6,582	6,544	....
East Providence	2,508	5,056	....
Johnston	4,192	5,765	....
Lincoln	7,889	10,765	12,449
Newport	15,83[illegible]	15,693	....
Pawtucket	6,619	19,030	....
Providence	68,904	104,857	....
South Kingstown	4,433	5,414	....
Warren	3,008	4,007	....
Warwick	10,463	12,164	....
Westerly	4,749	6,104	....
Woonsocket	11,527	16,050	20,759
Virginia.			
Alexandria	13,570	13,659	14,818
Danville	3,493	7,526	....
Fredericksburg	4,046	5,010	4,517
Hampton	2,300	2,764	6,548
Lynchburg	6,85[illegible]	15,959	....
Manchester	2,909	5,729	9,220
Norfolk	19,229	21,966	34,986
Petersburg	18,950	21,656	23,317
Portsmouth	10,590	11,390	12,345
Richmond	51,038	63,600	80,614
Roanoke	....	....	16,159
Staunton	5,120	6,664	....
Winchester	3,477	4,068	4,957
Washington.			
Seattle	1,107	3,533	43,914
Tacoma	73	1,098	35,858
West Virginia.			
Charleston	3,162	4,192	6,794
Huntington	....	3,174	10,024
Martinsburg	4,864	6,235	7,407
Parkersburg	5,546	6,862	8,349
Wheeling	19,280	30,737	35,052
Utah.			
Logan	1,757	3,396	4,624
Ogden	3,127	6,929	14,889
Provo City	2,384	3,432	5,153
Salt Lake City	12,854	20,768	45,025
Spanish Fork	1,450	2,304	3,479

Center of Population.

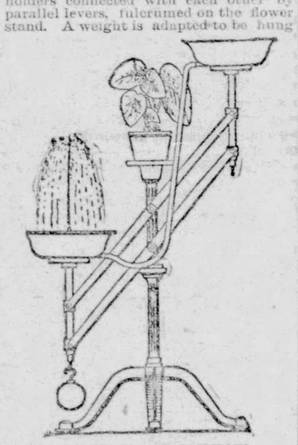
In a bulletin issued by the census office on February 23, it is stated that the center of population of this country on June 1, 1890, was in Southern Indiana, near Greensburg, and 20 miles east of Columbus. Ten years ago it was 8 miles west by south of Cincinnati.

PORTABLE PARLOR FOUNTAIN.

An Ingenious and Simple Contrivance Which is Very Attractive.

The annexed engraving taken from a Vienna paper, illustrates a fountain consisting principally of two equal sized basins, each containing a spraying nozzle and an outlet pipe, the spraying nozzle being connected by two rubber pipes with the outlet pipes, as plainly shown in the sectional view.

The basins are supported on suitable holders connected with each other by parallel levers, fulcrumed on the flower stand. A weight is adapted to be hung



PORTABLE PARLOR FOUNTAIN.

on the lower end of the holder containing the empty basin to counterbalance and to hold the filled basin in an uppermost position. The water flows from the filled upper basin through the outlet pipe to the spraying nozzle of the lower basin, and is projected quite a distance up into the air, to fall back and gradually fill the lower basin.

When this is accomplished, the upper basin has run empty and the counterbalancing weight is now hung on the holder of the empty upper basin so as to change the position of the levers, and consequently the basins; that is, the filled basin assumes an uppermost position, while the empty one swings downward. The water now flows from the upper basin to the spraying nozzle of the lower empty basin, and is sprayed to accumulate in this basin.

It takes about one hour's time to empty a basin containing about one-half gallon of water, the opening of the spraying nozzle being one-half millimeter in size.

In case the water gets dirty the basins can be readily removed from their holders and emptied, cleaned and replaced, and one again filled with fresh water.

Buffalo Bill's Autograph.

Buffalo Bill was one of the lions of the capital. Wherever he went big crowds followed him, and even ancient and dignified senators were not too proud to stop and stare at the man with the long hair and broad-brimmed hat. A delegation of pages corralled Cody in one of the committee rooms and worked him for about a hundred autographs. The manner in which they did it was quite amusing. "Boys," said Cody, "I am willing to give you one autograph apiece. Now, don't ask for more." The boys promised, and by ones and twos presented their books. After he had written his name fifteen or twenty times Cody became suspicious and asked how many pages there were. "Thirty," he was told, though there are but half that number. It was the appearance of a red-headed page that gave the game away. Cody seized him by the ear and asked if he hadn't been in before. "Yes," said the scamp, "but that is nothing—some of the boys have been in three or four times." Buffalo Bill's autograph is worth 25 cents in Washington to go in a book containing the signatures of President, Cabinet, Supreme court, Senators and the most prominent Representatives. Such a book sells at $5, and Buffalo Bill's signature is thrown in as a sort of chromo.

Couldn't Think of It.

"Here's a pretty good coat, if you wish it," said the warm hearted woman.

"Your kindness excuses your ignorance, ma'am," answered Mr. Weary Watkins, "but I can't wear no sack coat with a silk hat."—Indianapolis Journal.

FAMILY AND FANCY DYEING.

Many a lady who has wondered how the family out-go can be made less than the family income, will find the solution of this problem in dyeing and making over the faded or unfashionable dresses, cloaks, suits, feathers, ribbons, etc., which accumulate in every home. The dyeing can be done at home with Diamond Dyes. These, with their simple, practical directions, have made home dyeing one of the easiest of the many different kinds of household work. Any child, by following the directions on the envelope, can obtain handsome and durable colors with Diamond Dyes. They will save the price of many a new dress and suit in every family, and the dyed clothes will look like new, fresh from the tailor or dressmaker. A good black is the most useful of colors, and the best black dyes are the Diamond. Three kinds are made, for wool, cotton, and silk.

Some little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Benn, Toledo, Ohio, to cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $300.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $20 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. No work is required for all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and useful. Particulars free.

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Paper Hangers and Painters can have our large Sample Books by express by remitting 50c. Name this paper.

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HOW TO PRONOUNCE IT.

A Little Discussion Over the Late King Kalakaua's Name.

"Poor Kalakaua!" said the man who was toasting his shins at the radiator. "He wasn't half as bad a king as the papers made him."

"That may be true," replied the man in the big brown ulster. "But I notice you pronounce his name Kal-*lak*-a-wah. I think the right pronunciation is Kal-*lah*-ka-way."

"Very nearly correct," observed the man who was chewing a toothpick. "Kal-a-*kah*-wah, however, comes a little nearer to it, unless I am much mistaken."

"I have always called it Kal-a-*kaw*-ah," remarked the hungry-looking man in the slouch hat.

"A Sandwich Islander wouldn't know whom you meant by that," spoke up the man with the cork leg. "Kal-a-ka-*way* is the way to pronounce it.

"Come off!" said the man who had his feet on the table. "What's the matter with Kal-a-*ko*-ah?"

"Or *Kal*-a-kah-wah?" suggested the night clerk.

"None of you have hit it yet," piped the fat man with the oily face, who was looking over the register. "In Kanaka all the vowels are sounded. The name is Kal-ah-kah-*ooh*-ah."

This broke up the symposium, says the Chicago *Tribune*.

The Organ-Blower Says Farewell.

One of the latest applications of electricity is in the blowing of church organs. Electric motors have been introduced in old Trinity Church, St. Patrick's Cathedral and many other New York church edifices, and the work done is found to be more satisfactory and economical than that performed by men or by water or gas motors.

Publishers' Column.

STILL ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

We have still another and a most beautiful picture to offer our subscribers. It is a copy of the "Grand Canal of Venice," painted by Turner, the famous English artist. The original was painted at the height of Turner's fame as a splendid colorist; and was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, for $100,000. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay. On the right are the steps and a portion of the church of Santa Maria delle Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city-roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice.

The picture is 17x22 inches, black and white, faithfully reproducing every detail of the original. Price 25 cents.

THE BLADE WASHING MACHINE.

There have been so many failures in washing machines that THE BLADE has hitherto been loth to offer one in connection with the paper, notwithstanding we have, in the past few years, received hundreds of requests that we should offer such a premium. However, we have at last found one that has stood the test here in Toledo, and given satisfaction to the families using it.

We are now having made for us, here in Toledo, by a leading manufacturer, a large number of these washing machines. It is the best ever offered the public; if we did not thoroughly believe this, we should not offer By referring to the advertisement on this page, the reader can see a cut of it, and read the splendid offer we there make.

This machine retails at $7.00. We offer it, with the Weekly BLADE one year, for $5.00. The machine thus costs $4, which is a saving of $3 to the buyer—one of the profits all our subscribers have an opportunity of making. The machine is carefully crated for shipment, and being of wood, is very light. The freight is to be paid by the purchaser, and should not be over 50 cents to $1, owing to the distance.

Also—we will send a washing machine *free* for a club of ten subscribers, and $10. Address all letters, "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

We have published three different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Sherman, Grant and Sheridan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices.

Any one portrait 25c
The three portraits 50c

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

OUR NEW PICTURES.

We have just received, and are now ready to mail, two new pictures, in colors, which we will send to subscribers to THE BLADE, each carefully inclosed in a heavy pasteboard tube, postpaid, for 25 cents each. They are the following:

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonnier, the original of which belonged to A. T. Stewart, of New York, and was bought at the sale of his collection by Judge Hilton for $60,000, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in that city. It is the most wonderful painting of a battle scene ever produced on canvas, and represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite and superb regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland.

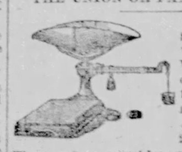
The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original. Price 25 cents.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is *in colors*, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Pretorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, confronting scornfully on Pilate's face Around him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem. On Pilate's right stands Caiaphas, the high priest; on his left, two elders, watching the proceedings. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the capricious that animate each.

The copy we offer is 17x24 inches, in colors; the price has hitherto been $1, but our price is 25 cents.

Address THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $5 00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in every family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

OZONA Is the Married Woman's Friend. Harmless, and sure. Six month's treatment, $1. Write for circulars to MICH. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Box 5th Albion, Mich.

CAREER OF SENATOR KYLE.

Civil Engineer by Profession and Pastor in the Wild West.

J. H. Kyle, the youthful United States senator-elect from South Dakota, was born February 24, 1853, near Xenia, Ohio, and is of Scotch ancestry. His father, T. B. Kyle, was an officer in the Union army during the war. At its close he moved to Illinois. Since then he has lived at Urbana, Ill., being by profession a civil engineer. J. H. Kyle was educated at the city schools of Urbana, graduating and entering the state university

SENATOR KYLE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

at 17 years of age. He pursued for two years a course in civil engineering, when he entered Oberlin college, taking a full classical course and graduating among the first in the class with the degree of bachelor of arts in 1878. During 1878 and 1879 he prepared for admission to the legal profession, which had been his strong wish from childhood, but changed his mind at the urgent request of his father and taught civil and mechanical engineering during his residence at Allegheny, Pa., and entered the Western Theological seminary at that place, graduating in 1882. Since that time he has lived in the West, four years in the Rocky mountains, being pastor of the Congregational church at Salt Lake City, and went to South Dakota in the early part of 1886. He resided for four years at Ipswick as pastor of the Congregational church, and one year at Aberdeen as pastor of the Congregational church, and is at present financial secretary of Yankton college. He was elected to the state senate from Brown county on the Independent ticket at the last election, and after a contest unparalleled as to the number of candidates voted for he received the election to the United States Senate, and the congratulations of his political friends are being showered upon him.

WANTED—Lady and Gentlemen Agents to canvass for the Taylor Patent Adjustable Ladies' Shoes. Agents average $100 per month. For agencies, terms, &c., address A. P. Brownell, Gen. Agt., Norwalk, O.

REWARD OF $500.

Rowe's French Female Pills are safe and reliable; contain Tansy, Pennyroyal and Cotton Root. Never fail. Long standing stores, or by mail, securely sealed, for $1; 3 boxes, $2.50. Wholesale—Peter Van Schaack & Sons, Chicago. Take NO SUBSTITUTE. Agents, Toledo, O. Mention Blade.

LADIES' Princess Stiffelts, pat., 50c., 5 for $1 Silent Assistant, 30c. Gem Imp. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Young Man address J. D. Wilson, Box 496, Omaha, Neb., for pamphlet describing instrument (worn nights) curing the habit of self-abuse, emissions and results.

BE A MAN!

If you are afflicted with complaints resulting from youthful indiscretions, or any private disease, write us at once for free advice and receive sealed particulars of a Guaranteed Home Cure. Experienced physicians. Free diagnosis. Medicate at home. All confidential. Address, MICH. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Albion, Mich.

WANTED—A nice girl, 12 years old, can secure a good home in small family. Will clothe and educate her well. For further information, address Mrs. F. M. Storms, Weedman, Illinois.

FOR SALE—Farms, worth $4,000 for $1,600, owing to crop failure, that in good seasons raise 40 bushels of wheat and 80 bushels of corn, per acre. Description list, 10 cents. Chas. R. Woolley, Osborne, Kansas.

PHOTO of your future Husband or Wife FREE! Send Stamp for Postage. CLIMAX CO., 9 CHICAGO, ILL.

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REDUCED PRICES.

In order to reduce the stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication to cost of manufacturing and postage. The books in this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before next spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for THE BLADE should take the opportunity to possess one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without THE BLADE, at the following prices:

"HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by Miss Emily S. Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year for $1.80.

"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," by Miss Emily S. Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year, for $1.80.

Address,
THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

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We have arranged to Club THE BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

	Their Price.	With BLADE.
WEEKLIES.		
Harper's Bazar	$4 00	$4 20
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 25
Scientific American	3 00	3 65
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 55
Chicago Advance	2 50	3 05
Am. Bee Journal	1 00	1 90
Orange Judd Farmer	1 00	1 80
Rural New Yorker	2 00	2 60
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake	2 00	2 40
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 55
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 05
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Our Little Ones	1 50	2 05
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Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 20
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Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	3 40
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	2 50	3 00
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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

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Jim Preston's Bicycle

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HOME TALKS.

A MOST HEROIC WOMAN.

Difference Between a Sudden Impulse to Self-Sacrifice and the Constant Calm Resolve—Both Demand Courage.

"So little done! So much to do!
Each morning brings on conflicts new!
I'm eager, brave, I'll join the fray,
And fight the battle of To-day."

WHAT is your idea of a real heroine? Do you know of any among your acquaintances?

I think most of us are apt to associate the thought of physical courage with the heroic. The woman who risks her life for another under a sudden impulse of pity we regard with a thrill of admiration which is aroused at every repetition of the story. The man or woman who seems without physical fear, and does daring deeds at critical moments, has always a hold upon the good will of the community.

There is, however, a heroism which is as far beyond and above these actions that appeal so strongly to the imagination, as the noonday light is brighter than the radiance of the stars. The swift decision following the perception of a quickly approaching catastrophe, is not always of the kind that would hold for a longer period of self-abnegation. Persons may take their lives in their hands for others under suddenly aroused feelings, who would be absolutely incapable of a long-continued defiance of danger. I am speaking now entirely of heroism in action, not that which lies in endurance.

Under the title of "A Heroine of the Twentieth Century" I read an article by Mary B. Willard, in the *Union Signal*, of recent date. There can be no question as to the quality of the heroism therein described, as you will readily acknowledge. It was in Moscow that Mrs. Willard met the lady and learned her story. She was an Englishwoman, Miss Kate Marsden by name, whose whole being was permeated with the desire to help suffering humanity. She wore the sign of the Red Cross, and was on her way to Siberia.

A few years ago, when she was a nurse in the Russo-Turkish war, she came in contact with leprosy in its worst forms, and overcome by what she saw, she registered a vow to devote her life, so far as possible, to its relief. What this means we, who have never seen it, can not comprehend—we can only imagine.

Her first effort in this direction was to endeavor to go to the island of Molokai, the scene of Father Damien's labors, but she could not be received there unless she became a Roman Catholic, so she was obliged to give that up. Then she resolved to make India the scene of her life-work, and went to England to make ready. In order to strengthen her influence with the native princes of India, she sought the royal sanction of her undertaking. The princess of Wales became greatly interested and learning that Miss Marsden had received "the award of merit for the Russian government for her services in 1877, but had not yet been decorated with the Order, she at once offered to write to her sister, the Empress, and get it for her. I will let Mrs. Willard tell what follows:

"To us who know so little the importance attached in foreign countries to these decorations, it may seem strange that, within a very short time thereafter, Miss Marsden was on her way to St. Petersburgh to receive the Order. But all who know how these tokens prepare and open difficult and often utterly hedged up ways in foreign lands, will see the wisdom of securing all that was her due before venturing upon her work in India. Prepossessing certainly in this instance, as in so many others, directed her steps, for when she had found audience with her imperial majesty, the gracious and kindly empress of Russia, a new and holy work was soon laid before her. Not only the decoration she sought was given her, but an additional cross for 'nerve of the wounded.' She told her story, asked for such aid she has proved herself, of her contemplated work in India, and the conversation turning on leprosy in Russia, her imperial majesty was most astonished to learn of the existence of anything of the kind in her dominions. This fortunate disclosure had a most important consequence, and led to an imperial letter of command, giving Miss Marsden unlimited entree to all the hospitals in the European and Asiatic Russia, that she might study any possible cases of leprosy occurring in them. In this letter, probably the only one of its kind ever sent out, Her Majesty has condescoration with Miss Marsden a personal kindness to herself. In her travels through Persia, Syria, and even in Australia, our devoted friend has learned the antagonism of the existence of an Arctic plant which had been known for some time in northern regions as a cure for the dreadful disease. With this bit of information, her journey into Siberia seems nothing more than a part of a crusade than ever. Questions were asked directly from the Imperial household concerning the herb, and it was learned that the Siberians, while unwilling to divulge the secret of the cure to any who might make a matter of speculation of it, would give it to a woman whose only object is to alleviate and cure those suffering from leprosy in all parts of the world. So, with this double object in view, Miss Marsden is just now, in the dead of winter, setting out on a journey of nearly 5,000 miles, in a sledge driven by reindeer over the frozen rivers of Asiatic Russia. The journey can only be made in winter, as there are no roads, and the rivers afford the only path through an otherwise trackless wild.

Her first stopping place will be Irkutsk, which it will take two months to reach. Then another long journey to Yakutsk, and still another to the Arctic seaport, from which, it is about five months from now, she expects to sail through Behring Straits to Japan. Her dress for the journey consists of a series of wrappings which are in themselves peculiar and interesting. First, she is buttoned into a thick annointing, with a suit of Jaeger woolens, then one of deerskin, another of sheepskin, then eiderdown, after which comes another wrapping of deerskin followed by an outer dress of sheepskin. Her sledge is a low basket close to the ground, hooded over at the back, and well padded with felt and furs.

The Russian government and the University of Moscow have detailed a physician of high character and linguistic ability to accompany her, and prosecute scientific researches at the same time.

This is only the beginning of what is before her in the future, and one can only think of it with bated breath and be thankful that there are such heroic souls in the world for humanity's sake.

We cannot all reach the height of such lofty heroism as this, but I sometimes think that there are those who unflinchingly bear the pricks and pains of daily life which the outside world wots little of, that are, in the sight of the Infinite Good, as heroic as this brave woman of whom we have been speaking. It is true that they do not fear the death of the body daily in so terrible a way; but to live in the constant crucifixion of self, when there seems no return, demands an almost sublime strength and courage. And in the light of such examples as these, what trifles the little annoyances of our every-day life appear!

There is the one consolation alike for all the world's heroic workers—they only need the strength and endurance for the present hour. It is to-day's battles that all have to fight to-day—not those of next week or next year. We do not need to do and bear over and over again. And then, although at the very best, there is "so much to do! So little done!

When it is o'er—the victory won—
Oh! then, my soul, this strife and sorrow
Will end in that great, glad To-morrow."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Making Bouquets.

A great deal of artistic taste may enter into this work, and one must also love the beautiful blossoms in order to arrange them harmoniously. A correspondent writes for some hints in the matter.

The form varies with the shape of the vessel which is to hold them. If it is a tall vase, the flowers should have long stems and be put in loosely, mixed with green foliage. Delicate vines drooping over the sides are very pretty. Should the flowers be all of one kind, like carnations, they may be what we called massed together, that is crowding each other more closely than if of a variety.

Field flowers and fine garden or hothouse flowers should never be put together. Neither should the former be made into flat bouquets, unless the field violet be excepted. Short stemmed flowers belong in low or nearly flat vessels.

For bouquets to carry in the hand, the old set forms have passed away. They are now tied loosely together with long stems, and the blossoms are irregularly placed. Suppose they are roses, then many of the leaves are left upon the stems. Hand bouquets are usually made up of one flower, not of a mixture.

As to colors, which the correspondent asks about, the arrangement must depend upon the taste. It would be impossible to describe the varying shades that look best together. Nature's colorings are never harsh, and often allow a juxtaposition that we should not dare to think of in other things. The present taste is to use single flowers in decoration, as all roses, all chrysanthemums, all nasturtiums, and so on, the massing of color in that way, producing, it is thought, the best effects.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

SOME FANCY ARTICLES.—I have been making several pretty articles lately, so as to have them in readiness to bring out after spring house cleaning. I always prepare a few things during the winter when I am not hurried. Thinking perhaps some of you may like to do the same. I will describe them.

The first in order is a little stand. The top is clover leaf shaped and the legs are made of broom handles, crossed so as to form a tripod. You have all seen them or read about them, but the novelty of my article consists of the decoration. The legs are gilded with diamond gilt powder mixed with a liquid prepared by the manufacturers of the powder. The top is covered with a half inch coat of putty, and all of this except a circle the size of a tea saucer, in the center, is roughened by means of a knife point, until it is all little points and hollows. The putty was allowed to dry and then painted with the bronze powders.

Wax the circle. Bronze was used then, copper, and lastly gilt. These were shaded nicely into each other. Around the edges of the table is tacked a full of crocheted lace, spider web pattern, made of fine knitting cotton. It was first starched and ironed, and then bronzed, the same as a table mat, using the bronze at the top, then copper and lastly the gold. Where the legs crossed was tied a bow of peacock blue ribbon with a gilded cane fastened as each end.

Upon this stand is to be placed a flower pot, which has been covered with putty and roughened like the table top.

and gilded to match the table. It is to be filled with ferns and occupy a rather dark corner in my studio.

The next article is a Nattan stool or foot rest. It is gilded in the three shades and the top is covered with peacock blue plush. Over the plush is fastened a tidy cornerwise (the top is square) of spider web crochet, stiffened and gilded. It is securely fastened at the corners, and sinks into the plush, a blue bow with cones on the ends is fastened to one leg. A three legged milking stool could be fixed very pretty in this way.

A NOVEL HASSOCK was made and covered with peacock blue canton flannel. A top was then crocheted, and a strip of the lace, as wide as the hassock was high, was sewed to the edges of the top piece. The whole was gilded in three shades, drawn over the hassock and sewed into place. A blue bow was placed at one side, with a loop to lift it by.

I will next describe my WASTE PAPER BASKET. It is crocheted also, and stiffened over a tin waste basket. It was then gilded as were the others, and has two rows of peacock blue ribbon run through it, and each one is joined by a blue bow, and cones.

A RATTAN ARM CHAIR, with a closely woven back and seat, was next treated. At one corner I began with gold paint, and filled in the corner so that the shades would cross the back and seat diagonally. Each shade was about three inches wide. These shades were continued across the entire back and seat. The little braided edge was painted in gold and the roll at the edges was in bronze and copper. A blue plush headrest, and big bows finished this most beautiful chair.

As I want my studio in blue and gold, I find I must buy or make new draperies for an archway that the room contained. For these I bought wide double-faced cartoon flannel, in peacock blue. A wide dado was marked out, and at the edge of it is an inch wide line of gold. Upon the space allowed for the dado are crescent rings, stars, crowns and geometrical figures, done in solid painting with copper and bronze. They are scattered on, and connected by delicate lines of gold. It is studied irregularly as they appear to be carelessly thrown on, but it took me several hours to get the right shaded effects and are lovely. The gilded crochet resembles fine hair work. Lovely wall-pockets, slipper-cases, etc., can be made of it with very little trouble or cost. Old faded or discolored macrame lambrequins can be made into things of beauty by gilding them. All the pretty things I made cost me, was several dozen packages of diamond bronze powder and a few bottles of diamond mixing liquid, one bottle of which will mix about three packages of powder.

Where one expects to do much of this work, it is well to buy the hinges by the dozen, as I think they are a little cheaper. I find that one of the ten-cent packages of diamond bronze powder will do as much and as good work as with a 40 cent package purchased at an art store.

Hoping these hints may help some one I will close.—J. H.

PRETTY AFGHAN.—Tell "Subscriber" a pretty Afghan for a baby carriage can be made of pink and white or blue and white stockinet, lined with cheese cloth of either color chosen, if you cannot afford surah silk. It should be edged with wide torchon or heavy cream lace, or button-hole the edge with zephyr, and crochet a deep border.

A bow of ribbon should be tacked on one of the upper corners.—AUNT ALICE.

AFGHANS.—"Subscriber:" A pretty afghan is made of white flannel 1 yd. long, ¾ yds. wide. Have daisies, (no stems or leaves) scattered over it, embroider with white wash silk, making centers of yellow wash silk. Line after embroidering, with white flannel; either bind with ribbon or put a heavy lace around it. This will wash like any flannel.

Another:—Get elder down flannel same size as the above. Bind with ribbon. Turn one corner back and put large bow upon it. Line with the elder down flannel.—HELEN.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration, No. 3," is not yet exhausted, though going rapidly. Send 15 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, Ohio, and get one.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

ROSE-LEAF LACE.—Cast on 34 stitches. 1st row.—k 2—o—k 1—sl 1—k 1—t o the s st—p 1—n—k 1—p 1—k 1—s 1—k 1—t o the s st—p 1—n—k 1—o—k 1—o—n—o twice—n—o twice—n—o and n 4 times—o—k 2; 2d row.—k 13—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—o—n—p 3—k 1—p 2—k 1—p 2—k 1—p 3—k 2; 3d row.—k 2—o—k 1—o—sl 1—k 1—t o the sl st—p 1—n—p 1—sl 1—k 1—t o the sl st—p 1—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 7—o and n 4 times—o—k 2; 4th row.—k 19—o—p—p 4—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 4—k 2; 5th row.—k 2—o—k 3—o—sl 1—n—t o the sl st—p 1—sl 1—n—t o the sl st—o—k 3—o—k 1—o—n—o twice—n—o twice—n—k 4—o and n 4 times—o—k 2; 6th row.—k 17—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—o—n—p 6—k 1—p 6—k 2; 7th row.—k 2—o—k 5—o—sl 1—n—t o sl st—o—k 5—o—k 1—o—n—k 13—sl 7 of the 8 st remaining on the left needle over the 1st one on the needle—then k 1. 8th row.—k 15—o—n—p 15—k 2—sl the 1st st in each row and k the last twist st.

DOUBLE STITCH.—Having made the foundation chain, turn the work, draw the thread through the third stitch from the needle, making two stitches on the needle, take up the thread again and draw through both stitches at once. In working double crochet, chain three at the beginning of each row, proceeding as with the first row.

Correspondence.

CHICKEN RAISING FOR PROFIT.—I am going to tell the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD how to raise chickens for profit, and how to be a successful chicken raiser. I speak from actual experience, and any woman with a slender purse and a small yard may add very much to her income. The work is light and healthful, but must not be neglected one week. A little care each day, say from half an hour to one hour, is sufficient. It is now a good time to begin for the year.

The first requisite is a good and tablet to keep an account of all that is bought and sold, (never mind what is consumed) whether it be eggs, chickens, nails, lath, feed, or what not, make an item of everything.

If you have no chickens, buy from one to one-half dozen hens (no cocks). Turn them in your yard until you have a park prepared. Let them lay anywhere until done and ready to set.

When you are sure one is going to stay on her nest, (you can tell in a day or two) prepare a nest near the ground, that she can walk into—not jump into to break her eggs.

Use hay, straw, or excelsior for the nest, and put a handful of gas lime, or bits of tar paper in with it. Put 13 or 14 eggs in your nest and wait until dark. Then lift your hen carefully and place her on the eggs, and fasten her in for two days, giving her a little very moist food each day. Place the food so the hen can reach it without getting off the nest.

In two or three days let her out, but watch that she goes on after feeding. You need not shut her up any more if she does.

When you buy your hens, any common kind will answer; but when you buy your eggs, I would advise you to buy Brown Leghorns, if possible. If they cannot be got, buy White Leghorns, or any good layers you prefer.

Selling eggs is the principal part of chicken raising. You may have to pay a fancy price for your eggs to set. I paid $1 per 13. But I never ask over 30 cents per 13. Always when possible, set two hens at once, and when they come off give the chicks all to one. Then put the other one in a barrel or box and feed heavily with corn a few days, and she will soon be laying again. If this is published I will follow with a description of how to feed, make a cheap park, and how to keep free from mites, etc.—PROGRESSIVE.

INCORRECT PRONUNCIATION.—I see that we are to have so many new attractions for THE BLADE that I want to suggest one more for the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD and that is upon pronunciation. It is something that is neglected and we learn a word incorrectly and never unlearn it. If the teachers of the HOUSEHOLD would each give a little article, something like the following, of words in common usage we might all benefit therefrom. This is a list that was placed upon a blackboard before a teachers' institute, and a prize offered for the correct pronunciation of them all, but the lowest number of mistakes was twelve, which seems to suggest a more careful study of our dictionaries. Here is the article, the disputed words being in italics: A *sacrilegious* son of *Belial* who suffered from *bronchitis*, having *exhausted* his *finances*, in order to make good the *deficit* resolved to ally himself to a *comely, lenient* and *docile* young lady of the *Malay* or *Caucasian* race. He accordingly purchased a *calliope* and *coral* necklace of a *chameleon* hue, and securing a *suite* of rooms at the principal hotel, he engaged the head waiter as his *coadjutor*. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptional *calcareous* extant, inviting the young lady to a *matinee*. She revolted at the idea, refusing to consider herself *sacrificable* to his desire, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a *carbine* and a *bowie* knife, said that he would not now forge fetters *hymeneal* with the queen, went to an *isolated* spot, severed his *jugular* vein and discharged the contents of his carbine into his *abdomen*. The *debris* was removed by the coroner.

They need not get up the story if they find it objectional, but simply give a list of words in common use that are often used incorrectly and we will all have ambition to see how many of them we use correctly. Ten words each week will cover a large margin in a year. I for one am real anxious for improvement in this direction.—PELICAN.

AN ANSWER.—Phillipa desires to know why playing euchre or any game with cards is wrong, rather than chess, checkers or like games.

The latter are trials of skill and brains, nothing more, nothing less; while the former, in the shuffling and dealing of the cards involve the principle of the "lot" or "chance" without important and sometimes occasional. There is no such thing as chance. That in the place of what is called "chance" is God. All beyond the creature's agency is God's or Jehovah's agency. His agency or control bounds creatures on every side. Ps. 139:7-16, Acts, 17:27-28. So that an appeal to "chance" is an appeal really to God; and an appeal to God without proper important occasion, either in the use of the oath or the "lot" is sinful. See Third Commandment and the principles involved in it.

One verse of the Bible settles any matter with those who accept it as the word of God without cavil.

"The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."—N. QUIRES, 2.

Inquiries.

Will any of the members please give their remedies for killing earth worms that are or gather in the ground in some pots in which house plants are growing? Also will any one give treatment as to kind of soil, etc., for successfully raising in the house in pots, the following, or any of them, plants, viz: Cavendishi banana, otaheite orange, pine apple air plant, butterfly orchid, etc? Information relating to the above will be very thankfully received.—SCIO.

I have a strange infatuation, or something else, and I would like to know if I am the only one so infatuated. The numbers from 1 to 100 appear to run in a line as follows: They start off in a southeast corner, from 1 to 5; thence curve to the right to 8; thence to the left to 13; thence to the right to 20; thence to the left to 30; thence to the right to 50; thence to the right to 90; thence to the left to 100.—WM. PORTER.

Can a widow (whose husband died in their native land, Germany) take out naturalization papers in the United States, as she is not a voter, being a resident of New York state? What would be the advantages to her if women *can* take out naturalization papers? Would it protect her rights in property that she will inherit from Germany? What does *dyster* mean in the following, copied from a tombstone in Scotland:

"Here lies the body of ——, relict of ——, sometime dyster in Elgin, who died September, 1772.

Will some one tell whether wild birds mate and rear young while in confinement? If so, what is necessary to success in rearing the Cardinal bird or Kansas Cornercracker?—SUBSCRIBER.

Does any one know of gymnastic exercises that could be accompanied by music, so that in a home where there is a musical instrument, one member of the family might play while one or more others go through the exercises?—MRS. F.

Can any one tell me in what paper I will find a piece entitled, "The Chicago Chronicles"?—E. C. WELTON.

Will some of the sisters tell me what to do for the fearful habit of morphine taking? Was very sick and the doctors gave it, and I did not know until I had it fastened on me.—A CONSTANT READER.

Will some one tell me how to wash a broche shawl so that it will not fade?—MRS. A. B.

Will some one tell me what I can put on my face that will keep it from burning and getting so red whenever I am out in the wind?—ELLA.

Will the editor or some one else please tell me where and what paper treats on church entertainments? I see some ads., but want to know what I am buying.—MRS. W. H. R.

The editor does not know of any paper that treats especially of church entertainments. She gave awhile ago the address of *Entertainment*, Council Bluffs, Iowa, as a magazine devoted to all sorts of recreation. Perhaps some of the HOUSEHOLD may be able to give you information upon the subject, which we shall be glad to print.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

Etta De P.: Write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., requesting information about silk-culture and you can learn what you wish to know.—ED.

Mrs. E. L. Bussell: The lady will not be able to send the directions for garden mask again, nor have we room to republish article so soon, even if she could. The HOUSEHOLD will be glad of any good recipes.

Mrs. L. G. W: The editor does not know of any other way to utilize the silk scraps in portieres than by having them woven as you speak of, but of course their beauty depends upon the taste of the weaver. He should stripe them for one-third of the way up. If you have tinsel mixed with the silk, that is, a thread woven right along with it, you will like the effect. Some black velvet gives a very rich look to the whole. That should be put in stripes.—ED.

If the lady who wished to know how to to renew an old mirror will try the following I think she will be pleased: Take of lead and tin, each ½ once; bismuth, 1 ounce; mercury, 2 ounces; melt in a small iron sauce pan or ladle, then add the mercury; warm the glass and apply the melted silver compound.

There was also an inquiry for directions for making impression paper. For black paper, use lampblack; for red, vermilion red; for blue, Prussian blue; for green, chrome green. Mix either of the above ingredients with cold lard to the consistency of a thick paste and apply to the paper with a brush or cloth; then take a flannel cloth and rub till the color ceases coming off.—RARA AVIS.

Mrs. E. E. Easdale: I have a rag carpet that has been admired by many. The "chain" is brown and white; there is first a brown stripe four inches wide, then a white one the same width and so on. If the brown is red it will not fade, which cannot be said of red, blue and many of the fancy colors.—BUSY BELLE.

Tell "Calla Lily" the author of the poem entitled "Bitter Sweet" is J. G. Holland. A short poem by Danske Dandridge has the same name, and will be found in her exquisite book of poems entitled "Joy." It is possibly the former she refers to.—AUNT ALICE.

Tell H. Robinson how we put up pork; don't know whether it is the "English way," but it is a good way. Pack in dry salt, when it melts off put on more, keeping salt all over it until it is salted through, then get paper meal or graham sacks at your grist mill, put each joint or piece in, and tie tightly. It is well to mix a little salt petre with the salt, to make it strike in.

Tell "Eva" I used wild cherry bark for brown specks on my face, and it removed the specks and made my complexion fresh and cheeks pink, whereas I had been sallow and yellow all my life, even as a child. You can soak it in cold water and drink it, or, if you like it, chew the bark and swallow the juice. Use it liberally, as it is perfectly harmless. It may be a month or six weeks, or even longer, but don't be discouraged, as it will surely remove them if they are not moles or freckles.—MRS. F. D.

Recipes.

SCOTCH CAKE.—Rub ¾ of a lb. of butter into 1 lb. of sifted flour; mix into it 1 lb. of granulated sugar and 1 large tablespoonful of powdered cinnamon. Mix it into a dough with 3 well-beaten eggs. Roll it out into a sheet; cut it into round cakes, bake them in a quick oven; they will require but a few minutes.

HOW TO COOK OAT MEAL.—Take as many raisins as you can grasp in your hand twice; cook in 1 qt. of water, when nearly done add 1 cup of oat meal; eat with cream and sugar.—B. B.

COCOA NUT CANDY.—Take equal parts of white sugar and grated cocoanut; add enough of the milk of the cocoanut to moisten the sugar, and then put it upon the fire to boil, stirring almost constantly. When the candy begins to return to sugar stir in the cocoanut as quickly as possible, and in a minute or two spread it upon dishes to cool, marking it off into squares to cut after it hardens sufficiently.

MARBLE CAKE.—This recipe I know to be good and never fails: 3 teacupfuls white sugar; 1 cupful butter; 1 cupful sweet milk; yolks of 5 eggs beaten to a stiff froth; 5 cupfuls flour, and 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder. After the ingredients have been well mixed, take out 1 teacupful of batter and add to it ½ a nutmeg and 1 teaspoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, cinnamon, coffee, and just a little ginger and pepper. Put in about half the white batter, then all of the dark; then remainder of the white. Bake a little over an hour.—CLEMMIE BOWSHER.

MARROW BONES ON TOAST.—Let the butcher saw a marrow-bone into pieces two inches long. Then make a stiff paste of flour and water and seal up each end with a small piece of paste about a quarter of an inch thick. Tie each bone up in cloth, throw into boiling water, and let them all boil an hour. Remove the cloth and paste and season each bone with a little salt and a bit of butter, and serve it on a thin square of toast. Marrow bones are always nice used as a garnish to broiled steak.

FURNITURE POLISH.—One pt. of golden machine oil; 3 ozs. of turpentine; 3 ozs. of dryer; 1 oz. of muriatic acid. Mix the oil, turpentine and dryer, then add the acid. Shake well, and rub on with a cloth.—A. A. WALKER.

A MOST EXCELLENT WAY TO COOK TOMATOES.—Put 1 tablespoonful of butter in a skillet, peel and slice thin 2 onions the size of a hen's egg, and cook until done; then put in your dish of prepared tomatoes, let cook 20 or 30 minutes, sprinkle in 1 or 2 teaspoonfuls of flour, a little salt or pepper, then pour in a small teacupful of rich, sweet cream, let boil up 2 or 3 minutes, and it is more delicious.—E. M. NEWSOM.

ANSWERING "LONG TOM."

THE IDEAL HUSBAND DESCRIBED.

The Women Who Know Well What They Want—Men May Learn Some Needed Lessons.

Now, "Long Tom," I think the "unreasonable" and "don't know what they want," is not quite all on one side. But never mind that; we were to tell about our ideal husbands. I shall not write much of my ideal, for if I wrote all, I think it would fill two pages of the good BLADE. I see a man who is kind, courteous and gentlemanly, does not smoke, chew, drink or swear, dresses neatly but not extravagantly, never goes to church or any place of amusement or for a drive unless his wife accompanies him, gets up first in the morning, makes all fires before his wife rises to dress, fills the teakettle and reservoir of range, lifts all ashes, carries all water, does the milking, helps to take care of milk and churning, helps with the washing, and gives his wife money without her ever asking for it.

Now to "Long Tom" and all men I will say the latter is the chief cause of trouble between husband and wife. The wife has to beg for every cent she spends and tell what she is going to spend it for. I know from observation it is so in most homes, but not so with my ideal. He tells his wife all about his business, never undertakes a transaction without her advice and consent.

He buys books and papers for his wife to read, and does not call her idle if she spends several hours reading; enjoys no person's society as much as his wife's; compliments her cooking and never scolds if something is a little wrong; admires and compliments her dresses and bonnets and occasionally her beauty.

Now, "Long Tom" and members of the HOUSEHOLD, don't say I will never find my ideal, for I possess just such a husband as I have described, and I could tell much more of his kindness to me (a half invalid) who appreciates a kindness.—BUSY BELLE.

I feel compelled to say a few words in reply to "Long Tom's" question, What is my ideal of a husband? I want a Christian gentleman, first of all, and one who neither smokes, chews nor uses tobacco in any form, nor drinks anything stronger than tea or coffee. I think the saying is so expressive, "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." If more of our girls would say that, things would be different in all ways.

I want my husband to be kind and considerate, and thoughtful of other people's comfort, and have a kind and pleasant word for his wife when business is over, and a kiss when he reaches home.

Now, I am going to tell you something. I am married, and have just such a husband as I have described. He never wants to go without me; if I do any little kindness for him he notices it with a kind word or gentle look. My husband helps me do my house work when he is home, and delights in it. A kitchen apron and tea towel are common things to him. My husband is all I could ask for, not boasting in the least. He has friends wherever he goes, for he soon wins them. I hope "Long Tom" won't think I am too exacting.—CHERRY BLOSSOM.

I most heartily second "Long Tom's" motion that the lady readers of the BLADE tell us men just what they want. Having read several of their letters from time to time, and observing how much they differ as to the proper qualifications of a husband, it seems to me as though there is nothing like unanimity among them. When one lady will take up with a man who chews the weed and another will not, the man will not be apt to give up his tobacco. You will have pretty hard work to find a man who is much better than he feels the necessity of being. The only thing upon which they are all agreed is that the man they marry must be a man.

Now allow me to hope that those who answer "Long Tom's" question will drop the untenable idea that the average woman is more worthy of the average man than he is of her. If anything, the opposite of this is true. Of course many good women get bad husbands. So, too, do many good men get bad wives. What does their experience prove except that people often marry unwisely? Does a parade of individual hardships prove anything, save what Whittier's Maud Muller learned too late? Depend upon it that if you want a man as good as yourself you can get him; but if you take a bad fellow and try to make him good, your chances are pretty slim.—J. J. MATTHEWS.

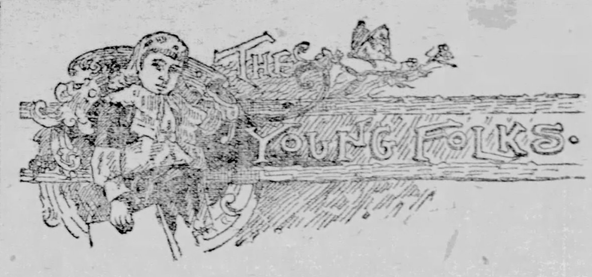
"Long Tom" wishes to know our opinion as to what constitutes a model husband, so here is mine: In the first place he must be a Christian, not only on the Sabbath, but during the week; must not use tobacco in any form nor liquor of any kind; must not be jealous beyond a certain degree, and must needs find his highest joy in his home, especially in the evening; must have implicit faith and trust in the one he has chosen for a life companion; must also be agreeable and polished in his manner, and think it no hardship to aid in the care of the children, if there be any. He should not think it beneath his dignity to prepare a meal of victuals and wash the dishes, if it were to become necessary, and need not feel ashamed should one of his particular friends "catch him" at it; and let both husband and wife "be kindly affectionate each toward the other."—ROSEMOND.

Every woman's "ideal husband is a man." Have you ever thought that the most perfect, and the most complete of all God's created works is man? Man was made after His own likeness, and "redeemed" by His "own beloved Son." Man possesses a soul, therefore, he is infinitely above and beyond, in completness, all other created things. Man was made to be loved by woman, as well as woman to be loved by man, therefore do you wonder, that woman makes a distinction and chooses for her "ideal life partner" a "Man?" Her ideal man does not necessarily need to possess a handsome face—the soul shining out from it will impart that. He does not need to possess a straight and magnificent figure. Nobility of character, and honorable manhood will add that to the most deformed body. But he does need to possess true manhood enough to be a manly man. Then, my brothers be "men," and the woman worthy of the name you bestow upon her, will not be "unreasonable" but will be willing to stand by your side, through sickness and poverty, through sorrow and affliction. She will be willing to lay her tender arms around you, and believe in you when all others forsake you, if she can recognize in you her "ideal husband" and "life companion."—L. H. WAGNER.

A good husband is a good man—not addicted to the use of tobacco, whisky, profanity, impurity, etc. He should be kind and considerate, ready to help his wife with her work whenever she has more work than he has, as is sometimes the case. He should be industrious. He should be willing to perform any kind of honest toil rather than go in rags and permit his family to do the same, for if a woman is married and has small children to care for, she cannot do anything to earn money without neglecting them. It is hard indeed for her to be always brave and patient, meeting her "better half" with a "joyful smile" when he comes to his meals. "Long Tom," what would you do if you were in her place? There are such cases.—LULU LUCE.

In the first place, the ideal husband should strictly observe the pledge he makes at the hymeneal alter, to forsake all others and cleave to his wife; to love, cherish and protect her in sickness and in health.

When he wishes to go to places of amusement, and the "weather is too bad to take the baby out," he should remain at home or provide company for her whom he has promised to love and protect "till death do us part," instead of leaving her alone to be frightened out of her senses. When she asks for a little money, he should at least give her enough to provide the real "necessaries" of life, instead of saying, "I have no money for you." If you think we "women don't know what we want," who does?—SHORT SUSAN.



BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and last we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

YALE, ILLINOIS.

Edwin C. Ryan,	Clarence A. Ryan,
Joseph Toben,	Eliza Welker,
Ira Welker,	Sidney Tumelson,
Briton Robinson,	Claud Farmer,
Verell Parshaw,	Charlie Graves,
Jettie L. Leach,	Dolly Printis,
	Clem Kelly.

WHEATLAND, N. D.

Ira C. Fuller.

SMITHFIELD, MINNESOTA.

Mary Dawley,	Wheeler E. Dawley.

PASTUREFIELD, ILLINOIS.

Edna L. Carver,	Leonard C. Wagner,
Mollie Fee,	Eliza Kaines,
Maude Dobbins,	Minnie Baltzell,
Clema Westall,	Cora Potts,
D. Emerson Wagner,	Clara Porter,
	Generous Warner.

Names this week, 27. Total, 20,522.

The above embraces all names received up to March 2.

For the Young Folks.

Chick-a-Dee-Dee.

AUNT JOE.

Listen, oh, listen, to the poor little chick-a-dee-dee.
He sits on the limb of that tall maple tree,
The tree is right here, and the limb is down low;
But the tree is all covered with ice and with snow.
He says have you something for poor little me
For I am hungry, as hungry as hungry can be;
Yes I am hungry, as hungry as hungry can be—
A poor, cold, hungry little chick-a-dee-dee.

The snow is so deep and I am so cold,
I never was called by, cunning and bold—
I have looked all around, but not a crumb could I see.
So I sit here and sing my chick-a-dee-dee,
In hopes that some one will listen to me,
So I sit here and sing my chick-a-dee-dee.
Come, little boy, and bring something to me,
For I am hungry, as hungry as hungry can be;
Yes, I am hungry, as hungry as hungry can be—
A poor, cold, hungry little chick-a-dee-dee.

For the Young Folks.

Little Bill.

MRS. LOUISE J. STRONG.

"Hello, gran'dad! What ye got in that jug," and the speaker, a tall boy, caught the little fellow roughly by the arm, forcing him to stop.

"You let me go, Jim Rece."

"Not till you answer me," with a shake.

"What is it; rum?"

"You know I don't carry rum," the boy said indignantly.

"Oh, no! Your daddy don't drink it either, does he?" sneeringly. "Reformed, ain't he now, gran'dad?"

The child's lips quivered as he struggled to release himself from his tormentor, the jug broke from his grasp and rolled away down the hill, while, with a final cuff, and mocking laugh, Jim let him go, bidding him "answer his betters when they spoke to him."

Little Bill darted anxiously after his jug, and finding its contents safe, laboriously climbed back to the path with it, and once more started on his way home.

He was so small, with such a little, weazened face and manner so like an old man, that it was no great wonder the boys had nicknamed him, "gran'dad."

His father worked at the coal mines half a mile down the valley from the village, and their home was in a little hut close to the mine. They were very poor, for coal miners rarely have more than the bare necessities of life; and little Bill's father, like so many others, drank up the greater part of his earnings.

Little Bill was often cold and hungry; his poor little stunted body had never been nourished by good food, and the warmth and care a delicate child needs. His mother, feeble, and worn, had long ago given up struggling against her husband's intemperance, and had settled into a listless apathy, thankful only that her other children had died in infancy, and so were spared the suffering she could not have saved them from. But little Bill, with loving faith, was always hoping and expecting his father to reform from the evil habit that ruined them.

"Daddy *will* stop sometime, I know he will," he would say. "And we'll have better clothes, and live in a house like other folks, an' I'll go to school, won't I, mammie?"

Sometimes, for weeks, his father would not drink, and hope would picture bright things in the future for them; then how happy was little Bill! How he would straighten up, and how proudly he would walk by his father's side and look up to him with love and joy, and when the drunken fit came on, in spite of many disappoints, how tenderly he would try to comfort his mother with his own unshaken faith! "Daddy *will* stop, I know he will."

The village boys had discovered the child's expectant hope, and with thoughtless cruelty jeered at him and taunted him with it, in his father's drunken sprees. But now little Bill was happy; to-morrow was Christmas. "Daddy" had been sober for days, and they were to have a famous good time pulling the taffy he was to make of the quart of molasses his jug contained.

The dreary drizzle of the morning grew at noon into a heavy downpour of rain, swelling the little creek to a raging torrent, that foamed and swirled almost out of its banks.

They were running the mine night and day to fill the large unexpected orders lately sent in. At half-past five the night men came on, to be relieved at the same hour in the morning.

Soon after the change for the night had been made, the superintendent, with a visiting friend, drove down the pump house to see that all was right.

"A bad night, Page," he said to little Bill's father as he came in.

"Yes, sir; and will be worse before morning, I'm thinking."

After a quiet, thorough inspection of the machinery and gearing the superintendent turned and fixed his keen eyes on the man.

"How is it, Page, have you had any of the stuff to-day?"

"Not a drop, sir, been here since daylight, and I never send little Bill to get it for me."

"No, sir," piped up the little fellow, "Daddy never makes me bring it like Johnny Saunders's father does."

"Well, Page, you must stay and keep the pumps running till Denny gets back. I expect it will be 11 o'clock, though. I'd stay myself but for the committee meeting this evening. I'll be down again after that; but if I'm wanted for anything let me know.

"Now Page," he went on impressively, "remember if the pumps stop on a run, it is death to your mates below, with all this water running."

"Yes, I know it," said Page; "the men in the lower level will be caught like rats in a trap if the wells overflow. But you know you can trust me, Boss, when I'm myself. I haven't been drunk for over a week, and I've promised little Bill here a sober Christmas," nodding at the child, who laughed joyfully and caught hold of his father's hand.

The wind had changed to the north, and was blowing hard with increasing cold, turning the rain to thick sleet, and the darkness came on early and dense.

"You seemed to anticipate trouble at

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Raising Quinces.

J. C. A., Pennsylvania: The requisites to success in raising quinces are: Deep, rich soil, well cultivated. Barnyard manure should be used liberally. Prune the tree annually to prevent it from becoming bushy. If there is no lime in the soil, some should be added. The quince is usually propagated by layers. Plant ten to twelve feet apart each way. When the tree comes into bearing if there is much fruit, pick at least one-third of the young fruit off, so that the tree may not over-bear. When a young tree is allowed to yield a big crop, sometimes its usefulness is thereafter destroyed.

Move Stiff in Hind Legs.

F. V., Wisconsin: The tendons of the legs have very likely been overtaxed. Slight rheumatism may also be present. Give mare nitrate of potash, ½ oz.; powdered colchicum, 1 drachm; oil of turpentine, ½ oz. Mix well and stir it thoroughly in half a pint of linseed oil. Give as one dose, once a day for three days. Rub around the affected joint and down to and around hock-joint, with hot vinegar, 1 pint; spirits of turpentine, ½ oz. twice a day. The liniment should be rubbed well in and afterward rub dry with friction. The mare should have a full week's rest.

To Raise Asparagus.

J. A. M., Idaho: For the garden, lay out a bed in the warmest and mellowest part. Throw out the soil to a depth of two feet, and throw in a layer of well rotted compost, and then a layer of the soil, forking the two over in the trench. When filled a little above the level make rows across the bed an inch deep and twelve inches apart. Soak the seed in milk over night and drop in drills an inch apart. When the plants are two or three inches high, thin them out to nine inches apart in the rows. In the fall cut off the stalks and add six inches of compost, half manure and half soil. Add another dressing in the spring, and each succeeding spring. In states where there is frost, the bed should have a fall dressing. No plants should be cut for the first three years. Salt should be put on when the bed is made, and with each spring dressing. For market, when large quantities are to be raised, 16,000 to 18,000 plants are set to the acre, requiring five to six pounds of seed. First, sow plants in a seed bed, and transplant the second season. The soil should be well prepared, with heavy manuring. Drop seed in rows one foot apart. Keep plants carefully hoed and clear of weeds all the time during the first season's growth, and they will be ready to transplant the second year. Otherwise you will have to wait until the third year. Transplant early in the spring, setting the plants in trenches eight inches apart in the rows. The trench or drill should be sufficiently wide to admit of the roots spreading out, and deep enough so that the crown of the plant shall be covered about two inches. Sow 100 pounds of refuse salt per acre on the beds in the spring. Fork in 500 pounds per acre of superphosphate of lime. Do not gather any the first year, and only moderately the second. After that, cut until the tops die upside. Cut it always below the surface, and with a slanting cut. Your other question about hot beds was answered a week or two ago; Muslin is sometimes used instead of glass, but as the latter is cheap glass is preferable. Some people are not successful with hot beds because they sow the seed when the bed is at too high a temperature.

Impoverished Blood.

H. G. D., Minnesota: The blood of your horse is not in good condition. Give him a cathartic of 2½ drachms of powdered aloes. Then give every other day for eight days, 5 ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic, iodine of potash, 1 oz., water 1 pint, mix into a draught with water or gruel. If pus is found in the swellings on the shoulder, open them and after getting out all the pus inject with soft water 10 parts, carbolic acid 1 part. As good a thing as you can find to reduce the hard swellings is: iodine, ½ oz., soap liniment, 6 ozs. The horse should have exercise, and see that all hay and grain are sound and free from mould or dust.

Cough in Mare With Foal.

Wm. H. C., Isabella county, Michigan: As your mare is so heavy with foal, she should not be given strong medicine to cure nasal gleet, until after she has foaled. Put half a peck of bran in a bucket. Over this put one end of a bag open at both ends. Pour hot water on the bran; stir it quickly, and then pass the other end over the mare's nose, and let her inhale the steam from the bran. This will open up the flow of accumulated matter in the head. Bury the bran after using. Keep mare where draught of air will not strike her in the stable, and do not let her get wet. After she has foaled, write to THE BLADE Farmstead, stating what condition the mare is in. For the cough, take of brown sugar, ½ lb.; saltpetre, 2 ozs.; pulverized licorice, ½ oz. Mix well together, and twice a day give on the tongue a full tablespoonful, mixed with sufficient pine tar to make it of the consistency of thick molasses. This will ease the cough. For the protrusion, oil with a very little sweet oil. The mare should have an occasional bran mash so that she may not become costive, and should not be given very cold water. Feed her regularly.

Apple Trees from Seed.

E. F. P., Nebraska: Plant the seed in the fall. Sow the same as wheat, in a bed. Next fall take up the largest if you wish to graft or set out. If you want to graft, put the young trees in damp sand, and graft them during the winter. The root part of the tree should be left about 8 inches long, with two buds. Set the grafted trees out the next spring.

Young Pigs Die.

C. N. R., Natrona county, Wyoming: See that there is not the least dampness in the pen. Oats, wheat and barley, ground together, make an excellent feed for the sow. The pigs, we think, sickened from the milk of the sow, or by being chilled in the pen. Take two ounces of Epsom salts. Give the sow, in bran slops, an ounce once a day. Put a tablespoonful of charcoal in her feed once a day for a week. Feed her regularly. See that the litter in the pen is sufficient, and of uniform quality—not too much at one time and too little at another. Do not give too much slops.

Enlargement on Colt Below the Stifle Joint.

M. H. P., Kansas: There is nothing out of the way with the feed you are giving your colt. Rub the enlargement with vinegar, 1 qt; salt, 4 tablespoonfuls. Heat the vinegar before each application, and rub well in with hand friction. The lumps may disappear as the colt grows in age. If not, take of iodine, ¾ oz.; soap liniment, 6 ozs., and rub in.

Lame Hogs.

K. H. McK., Litchfield: See that there is no dampness about where the hogs sleep. Keep the pen clear of all accumulations. Give each hog, in bran slops, 2 ozs. of Epsom salts—1 oz. a day. Rub a teaspoonful of turpentine on the small of the back of the affected hogs. The hogs must be fed at regular intervals.

Lame in the Left Hind Foot.

D. S., Pendleton county, Kentucky: It would be impossible for the editor to say precisely at what point the lameness is located in your mare. There are certain things which assist in locating trouble of this kind. When a horse shows little or no lameness at first; but the lameness increases on motion, either spavin, sore shins, side bones or disease of the knee joint may be present. Have you examined carefully around the hock joint to see if there is any soreness or heat? If the trouble were in the foot, the horse would manifest it before going far. Carefully go over the animal's leg, pressing everywhere with your fingers. If you are able to locate the seat of the pain, the editor will tell you what to do.

Canker in Fowls.

R. B., Colorado: The trouble with your hen is canker. Take of powdered sulphate of potash, ½ oz.; burnt alum, ½ oz. Clean out the throat and dust some of the above whenever the canker appears. It may be made into a wash, using a small swab or a stick. Your rooster may be suffering from rheumatism. Bathe leg in mustard water, wipe dry and wrap up in flannel. Do not allow your fowls to roost where there is a direct draught of air, and be careful that the house floor is not damp.

Thick Urine in Colt.

T. C. S.: You have, perhaps given your yearling colt too much sweet spirits of nitre and rosin. These should be given very cautiously, as you may have a case of strangury on your hands; stop giving medicine, and feed easily digested food. In a month from now if the urine is not natural, write, giving color of urine and also give action of colt.

Rosebud.

Ellwanger & Barry, catalogue of select roses for 1891, Rochester, N. Y. The list is large and varied.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mole Trap.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I see in your last issue that some one wishes to know how to trap moles. I gave information on that subject twice before. Perhaps he did not take THE BLADE. It is as follows: Take a piece of thin board about the length and breadth of a mole; then bore a small hole at each corner; then take two pieces of supple wood, whittle them into a nearly round shape; make one side a little flat, then cut a crease on the flat side; then bend the sticks into pretty much the shape of an ox bow; then put the ends of the bows into the holes, one bow at each end, flat side inwards, and fasten them there; make a hole at the center of the board; then take a small, forked stick, whittle the single end so as to fit the hole in the center of the board; then take a piece of twine, three or four feet long, fasten it to another piece in such a way that the two ends will be equal; make a slip noose at the end of each, and put them down through the center hole, so that they will be on the same side as the bows; then place each noose into the crease in one of the bows, and press a little clay or wet dirt on the twine to keep it there; then put the forked stick rather tight with the forks spreading crosswise; open the burrow carefully, and place the trap in it with the bows downwards; then take two hooked sticks, stick one on each side so as to hold the trap down pretty firmly; then stick a stick three or four feet long a few feet from the trap; bend the top end down and tie the string to it, and cover round the edges of the trap, and it is set. Many of the farmers in England pay a professional catcher by the year to keep their farms clear of them, and the way that I have described is the way that they do.—JAMES WYLDE.

P. S.—I have seen thousands of acres in eastern Iowa that were unfit for cultivation till the moles were destroyed.—J. W.

Raising Poultry.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—For the past few years I have had some experience in raising poultry. Will give my method of management, hoping it may benefit some of the farmers' wives. Will commence this year setting hens in March. Have never used an incubator; prefer the hens furnishing the necessary heat for the eggs and warmth for the chicks after hatched, allowing the hens and their broods as comfortable shelter as possible in coops or buildings.

The nests first receive my attention, especially at this season when severe cold changes come without much warning. As the season advances and warm weather is assured, do not consider it necessary to follow just the same rule. I consider fine hay or litter from the mangers (as most farmers keep horses and other stock in stables through the winter, and such material is easily obtained,) better for warmth than coarser material, such as straw. I put what is necessary of that in first when preparing the nest, then a good washpan full of stable manure, which is good and dry, and is heating, and lastly more of the hay litter, shaping the nest as the material is added. Then the eggs, thirteen in number, are more apt to give a good hatch than a larger setting. There is not so much danger of any getting chilled. I like to make the nest, when convenient, where the hen has laid and gone to setting; though if hens are quiet I prefer moving them to a coop or box where others will not disturb them; they mostly will set so removed, a nest being prepared beforehand, with a few trial eggs in it. They will generally take to the nest right away, or, if obstinate, will break up in twenty-four hours. Do not give them the setting until certain they will sit all right. Feed and water once a day in the box for several days, and then try letting them out for a short time to take exercise, but see that they do not stay off too long. Feed what corn they will eat when first off, but if not inclined to return to the nest, must be caught and put back and left shut up for a while again and fed in the box. I only speak of taking this trouble with hens that have been changed to a different place of setting. When they have not been changed, will mostly return of their own accord after picking and scratching a while, though if moved off and the weather cold, they should be fed and not allowed to forage too long in hunting for something to eat. I have often, in cold weather, gone to the nest and covered the eggs with a flannel cloth to keep warm until the hen was ready to return.

The third week, or within several days of hatching, take, when the hen is off, some warm water, and sprinkle eggs and nest well; though if the weather is cold be sure the hen is also wet ready to go back; the last 24 days before setting. I like to put down the date of setting so as to know when to expect the hatch, as they always need attention then. After several have hatched removed the shells from the nest, allowing the chicks to remain if the hen is not too fussy, but if they have to be taken from the nest keep them wrapped up warmly in a small basket, where there is a fire, until the hen is done hatching. I do not try to feed until 24 hours after hatching. I never feed a hen on the nest while hatching, as fussing for the feed, she is apt to crush some of the eggs. After all the eggs have hatched that will, remove the hen and chicks to a dry coop or building. I find it a good idea to grease the hen under the wings with lard or drippings; also the chicks' heads, rubbing it well in with the finger. That prevents the large lice that so often prove fatal to their well doing.

With regard to coaxing I will say, that last year I cooped six hens and their broods in a building seven feet square, three hens on a side, kept them in their places with wool twine fastened to a staple and driven to the boards. Have the twine double and so short the hens can not reach each other. Form a loop of the twine, slip it over one foot, and the hen is secure with the chicks at liberty to run over the floor. I scattered litter over the floor and used an old table oil-cloth to feed on, to keep feed out of the dirt; had a half sash of a window in the south end so they could enjoy the sunshine until they were old enough and the weather favorable for letting them on the ground. It was not nearly so much trouble as I had always had in building small coops on the ground, and the chicks did so nicely. Just a few words in regard to feed for the first two or three weeks, and I am done. I have had good success soaking stale bread in sweet milk, or even dishwater newly used, not allowing musty or sour feed. When soaked soft, press the liquid out with the hand, mix corn meal through it until not sloppy. If you have onions one or two chipped up fine and mixed through will be greatly relished; for the first week or so I feed four times a day; after that three will do, and mix a little wheat through the feed. Bear in mind, they must have the air and sunshine on pleasant days, not allowing to remain out until chilled. I have tried to make all as plain as possible, and if the editor is not disgusted with this, will write again in regard to some of their diseases and preventives such as I have had experience with; also of the varieties I have and their egg production.—BETH, Harrison county, Ohio. [The editor is not disgusted. On the contrary he shall be pleased to hear from you again. —ED.]

To Destroy Ground Squirrels, Gophers and Rats.

Mr. H. B. Austin, of Kansas, sends THE BLADE FARMSTEAD the following clipping from the Oakland, Cal., *Evening News*, of December 11, written by Prof. Hilgart, on the squirrel pest of that country:

Not a few of the farmers of this country are overjoyed at the recent ordinance passed by the board of Supervisors of this county making the killing of squirrels and gophers compulsory. It is estimated that in Contra Costa county alone the damage done during the past season will amount to not less than $150,000 by these animals; while in many cases from 30 to 50 per cent of the crops were harvested by the squirrels before the reaper could take the field.

In regard to the best means of exterminating these animals Professor Hilgard says in Bulletin No. 32 from the University * * * * The poisoning process has so far proved the only perfectly effectual one on a large scale. Smoking out with sulphur or other suffocating vapors blown in from a cartridge by means of bellows has proved both laborious and inefficient, and the keen knives with which the squirrels were to be disemboweled on entering their holes were soon pushed to one side.

Two years ago, in a lecture on the phylloxera question, I suggested that the same substance which proves so successful against that insect, as well as against the rats of Paris and other cities, might be successfully used against the California squirrel also (see bulletin No. 23 of the University of California). I could not, at the time, follow up the suggestion by experiment. The knowledge I have since acquired, both of the habits of the squirrel and of the importance of the problem, has led me of late to test the applicability of the "Bisulphide of Carbon" as a squirrel exterminator; and the success attained has been so satisfactory that it seems proper to bring the matter to public notice.

Since it (Bisulphide) boils but a little above the temperature of the hand, it evaporates very rapidly when poured on it, producing a feeling of intense cold; when poured upon damp earth, the latter soon freezes and becomes covered with hoar-frost. The vapor so formed is three times heavier than air, and flows down visibly,—like water, from the mouth of an open vessel containing the liquid.

Of course it flows down into a squirrel hole in the same manner, with the aid of a bellows; especially if introduced at the higher end of the burrow. After a few minutes the odor usually makes its appearance at some of the outlets; in one case it became sensible at a hole twenty-five feet from that into which it was introduced, in the course of five minutes. It is curious that in no case have I known a squirrel to run out of the hole before the gas; when it meets is face to face in a run, death seems to be almost instantaneous. But in most cases the animals seem to retire to their nest and die in a stupor.

As for the expense of this method, I have freed the most thickly peopled portions of the university campus (level ground) from every vestige of squirrels with about a pound of the liquid per acre, about half an hour being spent by two men in closing the holes with shovels. * * * * *

The carbon bi-sulphide can be kept on hand in the house without more danger to any one than petroleum spirits, and can be used against gophers and rats as well as against squirrels. Any laborer of ordinary intelligence can use it without risk, either of injury or failure.

[THE BLADE called attention to the bisulphide of carbon as an exterminator of gophers a long time ago.—ED.]

The "Money-maker."

POLULTRY KEEPING.

How to Engage in It in Order to Make Money.

FIFTH PAPER—FOOD AND CARE.

There is absolutely no obstacle to the successful raising of any number of chickens, provided that you give them the proper treatment. If, from the first they have—

1.—Warmth;
2.—Fresh air;
3.—Cleanliness;
4.—Freedom from vermin;
5.—Gravelly sand to run on;
6.—A proper variety of food,

You can raise them in any number, limited only by your accommodation in the way of hens. These six conditions, specified above, are, however, *absolutely essential.*

First, as to warmth, in the chicken-house with brooders, described in the last number. If the weather is cold, the house must be kept warm enough so that the chicks will not crowd the brooder during the day. In mild weather the brooders will keep it warm enough; but in the winter you will need a stove in addition. Remember the chickens are on the floor, and that this the coldest part of the house in cool weather. Hang a thermometer six inches from the floor, and keep it at 50 degrees. It will be 65 or 70 up near the roof. If kept this warm, the chicks will not use the brooder except when they come in from the runs, and at night.

Second, fresh air. Ventilate the house from the hallway—from the bottom, which is six inches below the floor of the pens. Have also an arrangement for ventilating from the roof, to be used as occasion warrants it. Let the chicks run in the open air runs whenever it is warm enough, and always for feeding, except in a rain-storm.

Third, cleanliness. Keep the gravelly sand in the pens raked over each day. As soon as it begins to get filthy, clean it out and replace with fresh. Watch the brooders, and keep them absolutely clean. Each morning the floor of the brooder should be cleaned thoroughly, even if it takes soap, scouring sand, a brush, hot water and hand work to do it.

Use insect powder in every nook and corner; give as pure, fresh water as you drink yourself. Keep the drinking-vessels absolutely clean, and renew the water three or four times daily. The brooder cover should be scalded by being immersed in boiling water for several minutes, every few days; and be dried thoroughly before it is replaced.

Fourth, freedom from vermin. It is easier to prevent vermin from attacking the little chicks than to exterminate it afterward. Eternal watchfulness must be the rule; absolute cleanliness is imperative.

Fifth, proper food. The first meal for chicks after being taken from the nest should be boiled eggs, chopped fine, shells and all; also, excelsior cake crumbled in to scalded milk. Give no fluid as drink except the scalded milk.

After the first 24 hours, let the early morning meal be excelsior cake and scalded milk. At 10 o'clock, granulated corn—that is, corn coarsely ground. At 2 o'clock, the excelsior cake and milk. At 6 o'clock, canary seed, millet seed, and granulated corn. Once each day they should have boiled beef or mutton—cheap pieces—boiled and chopped fine, one meal a day; also green oats, which can be raised in patches as needed, chopped fine, once a day. Once a week, instead of the meat, give boiled fish, chopped fine.

Remember this: The chickens must have vegetables, meat and grain, and have them daily. It will pay you big interest to follow this strictly. The above bill of fare will be all that is needed for two weeks. Then the bill of fare should be:

MONDAY.—6 a. m.: Excelsior meal, cake and milk; 10 a. m.: Boiled meat, chopped fine, with chopped oats or clover; 2 p. m.: Excelsior meal, bread and milk; 6 p. m.: Granulated corn, oats and barley.

TUESDAY.—6 a. m.: The broth in which the meat was boiled, thickened while boiling with excelsior meal; 10 a. m.: chopped mangel wurzels, and after they have eaten what they will, finish filling their crops with granulated corn; 2 p. m.: the rest of the broth, mush, and a pan of sour milk, to pick at all the afternoon; 6 p. m.: granulated corn, oats and wheat.

WEDNESDAY.—6 a. m.: Fish chowder, with salt and pepper, and boiled potatoes, thickened with cornmeal and shorts; 10 a. m.: oats and wheat, and all the green chopped oats they will eat; 2 p. m.: cracked corn and barley.

THURSDAY.—6 a. m.: Chopped sheep's haslets and warm mush of wheat, bran and cornmeal; 10 a. m.: Cracked corn and wheat; 2 p. m.: Chopped clover or oats, and all the excelsior meal cake they will eat; 6 p. m.: Cracked corn and oats; a pan of sour milk to go to at will.

FRIDAY.—6 a. m.: The meat soup, thickened with excelsior meal; 10 a. m.: Green chopped oats, onions and granulated corn; 2 p. m.: Rest of the broth, mush and barley for dessert; 6 p. m.: Cracked corn and wheat.

SATURDAY.—6 a. m.: Raw chopped meat and excelsior meal mush, scalded and fed warm; 10 a. m.: chopped cabbage, lettuce and turnips or mangel wurzels, with a little granulated corn; 2 p. m.: excelsior mush and barley; 6 p. m.: granulated corn and oats.

SUNDAY.—6 a. m.: Fish chowder, made as above; 10 a. m.: Green chopped clover, barley; 2 p. m.: excelsior meal cake and scalded milk; 6 p. m.: cracked corn and wheat, sour milk at will.

EXCELSIOR MEAL.—This is made by grinding into a fine meal in these proportions: 20 pounds of corn, 15 pounds of oats, 10 pounds of barley, 10 pounds of wheat bran.

TO BAKE EXCELSIOR.—One quart sour milk or buttermilk, adding a little salt; one quart of water in which a teaspoonful of saleratus has been dissolved; thicken with excelsior meal to a little thicker batter than for pancakes. Bake thoroughly in shallow pans. Bake enough at a time to last a week.

GRANULATED CORN.—Grind corn into a coarse meal; sift out the fine meal, leaving the granulated corn in the seive.

Keep up this bill of fare till the chicks are eight weeks old. Then, when they are put in the quarters for 3 weeks' fowls, give three meals per day, of the same food as that given grown fowls—remembering that green food and meat must be given so long as they are growing.

TO BE CONTINUED.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THERE WAS NO SILVER POOL.

The Report of the Investigation Committee Submitted.

The silver pool investigating commitee made its report to the House on Feb. 25. The report, which is unanimous, gives the history of the investigation, alluding to the important testimony, but not reviewing it in detail. It dismisses the testimony of Mr. Ownbey as the product of a "romancer" whose imagination is not restrained by the limitations of truth.

Prior to the examination of Ownbey, says the report, the testimony of Senators Vest and Cameron and Mr. Littler brought out the fact that the latter had purchased silver for Senator Cameron pending the silver legislation of the last session, and had sold it by the Senator's order before the silver bill passed. Subsequently Representative Abner Taylor, (Illinois), appeared before the committee and testified that he bought silver after the silver bill became a law and when no additional silver legislation was supposed or expected, and had it sold in August last.

It is but just to say, continued the report, that a statement made by Hon. E. H. Conger in debate in the House on the 24th of June, 1890, to the effect that he had been "approached to join silver pools" furnished some excuse for the publication of the general allegation that silver pools existed pending the silver legislation of July of that year, but no proof for the charge that certain senators and representatives had accepted such invitation.

Mr. Conger, who is now the United States minister, and therefore beyond our jurisdiction, was requested by cable to transmit to the committee the names of persons who had approached him, in order that they might be subpœnaed, but he declined so to do.

The fact that the exaggerated expressions sometimes made by a member in the heat of debate in order to further a desired measure may furnish an excuse for, if not suggest such dispatches, affords an additional reason for a careful avoidance in debate of intimations that corrupt influences are being brought to bear upon members to affect legislation, unless the member making such insuations is prepared to substantiate the charge. It is well understood that a good measure is seriously weakened by even a suspicion that improper means are being employed to advance it.

Your committee have been unable to obtain any evidence to support Ownbey's original charge that there was a silver pool or organization of silver speculators, who had made large purchases of silver bullion and was exerting its combined influence to bring about silver legislation which would cause an advance of silver and thereby bring large profits to the manipulators.

FOSTER ON THE SILVER QUESTION.

He Thinks the People See the Folly of Free Coinage.

When Secretary Foster arrived at Washington on February 25, he was received at the station by Assistant Secretaries Nettleton and Spaulding and Private Secretary Hendly. At the hotel a number of department bureau officials and Ohio people gave him a cordial welcome.

He afterwards went to the White House, where he took the oath of office. The ceremony took place in the President's private office, in the presence of the President, Mrs. Harrison and Private Secretary Halford. The oath was administered by Col. W. A. Cook. The secretary said, when interviewed:

"There is very little to say, as I have not had an opportunity to talk fully with the President. I presume there will be no change in the policy as established and carried out by the late secretary. While my predecessor had his own views concerning the silver question, and was rather disposed to yield in a measure to the claims of the silver men, recent events have very clearly demonstrated that a decided reaction has taken place throughout the country, and people who have favored free coinage think it would be unwise to adopt a radical change of legislation."

The secretary said that he deeply appreciated the uniform sentiments of favor expressed in reference to his selection to the important trust left vacant by the death of Mr. Windom, and therefore he felt further stimulated to deserve the confidence of the people and the country.

NO CASH FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Senator Allison Talks on the Action of the Senate.

The rumors which have reached Washington that the officers of the National World's Fair commission, with the exception of President Palmer and the president of the ladies' commission, will resign if the sundry civil bill becomes a law seems to have little effect upon Senators who have been the leading spirits in cutting down the expenses of the commission.

"Let them resign if they want to," said Senator Allison on Feb. 27. "There are two or three of them," he continued, "who I do not think will be missed. Those officials who are necessary, like the director general, I fancy, will be employed by the local board. At any rate, resign or not, the Senate will not recede from its position. My advice would be to the officers affected by the bill and to the Chicago people as well, who have the great fair so much at heart, to cease their complaints."

"Is it true that after Congress adjourns the salaries will be cut off and those left remaining will have to be readjusted?"

"Yes, if the House accepts the bill as it left the Senate. One bill contains a provision that the reduction of expenses shall begin at once. But I have no idea that the officers of the commission will be so badly off as they seem to fear. The commission will have money enough to pay reasonable salaries to all necessary officials, and that is all they can ask. It is nonsense to say that the officers will hereafter have to pay their own railroad fare and other expenses, and work for nothing besides. Each one of these officials is a commissioner, and is entitled to $6 per day and traveling expenses for each day's service. If they are on duty all the time they will get paid all the time, and would not be left wholly out in the cold if salaries should cease altogether."

Senator Farwell was averse to talking about the matter. He said it was utterly useless to attempt to have the old salaries restored, and that local agitation on the subject ought to cease. The coming conference committee might restore the appropriation for the fair to the figures fixed by the House—that is, $7,500 for director general; $5,000 for president, $4,000 for vice president and $3,000 for secretary—but that was the most that could be hoped for. Even that is very doubtful, for the temper of the Senate is resentful of previous extravagances in the matter of salaries.

WARM TIME IN THE HOUSE.

The Postal Subsidy Bill Substituted for the Shipping Bill.

The defeat of the shipping bill is severely felt by those who are interested in the development of American commerce. Fifteen Republicans voted against the bill, and three Democrats voted for it, and it fell by a narrow majority of four.

The debate was a hot one, and there was quite a series of speeches. Sharp and incisive Sanford, of New York, who has been very quiet all the session, made an eloquent plea for the bill. McAdoo delivered a fiery invective against it. Bergen, of Camden, filled five minutes with pithy argument in its favor. Spinola spent ten minutes in explaining why he should vote for the bill. Rogers made a hot speech assailing the lobby, while Grosvenor made a stirring defense of the integrity of the House and of the justice of the bill.

Ben Butterworth, who had been away nearly all day, made his appearance late in the afternoon, and it was just 4:58 o'clock, the hour fixed for taking the vote, when the Cincinnati Congressman arose.

He was known to be opposed to the measure, and was said to have prepared a speech against it. He was knocked out, for Mr. Farquhar caught the speaker's eye and held it until 5 o'clock.

There was intense excitement during the taking of the several votes, and when it was found that the bill was lost, the substitution of the postal subsidy bill was made and passed, notwithstanding the violent opposition of Crisp, McAdoo and other Democrats.

A BATCH OF APPOINTMENTS.

The President Sends a Long List to the Senate.

The President sent to the Senate the following nominations on Feb. 23:

John A. Anderson, of Kansas, to be U. S. agent and consul general at Cairo, Egypt.

Truxton Beale, of California, minister resident and consul general to Persia.

U. S. consuls—James M. Allen, of Ohio, at Para; W. W. Apperson, of Kansas, Vera Cruz; Samuel H. M. Byers, of Iowa, St. Gall; Philip C. Hanna, of Iowa, La Guayra; Henry M. Hard, of New York, Clifton, Ont.; James W. Love, of Nebraska, San Salvador; Loring A. Luthrop, of Nevada, Bristol; Jas. V. Long, of Pennsylvania, Florence; Selah Merrill, of Massachusetts, Jerusalem; Wm. S. Stocker, of Washington, Pictou, N. S.; Richmond Shaw, of Indian Territory, Asuncion.

Bernard G. Farrar, of Missouri, assistant United States treasurer at St. Louis, Mo.

Confirmations.

Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to China; Truxton Beale, of Maryland, minister to Persia; Martin J. Knapp, of New York, inter-state commerce commissioner.

United States consuls: Edmund Shaw, Indian Territory, Asuncion; J. A. Anderson, Kansas, Cairo; Henry M. Hurd, New York, Clifton, Ont.; James V. Long, Pennsylvania, Florence; Selah Merrill, Massachusetts, Jerusalem; P. C. Hanna, Iowa, Laguayra; W. S. Stanley, Wisconsin, Pictou, N. S.; Hugh Hogan, Iowa, St. Gall; A. E. Neill, Maine, St. Stephen, N. B.; W. W. Apperson, Kansas, Vera Cruz.

Nelson E. Nelson, collector of customs, district North and South Dakota.

Postmasters—T. H. Chesley, Kewanee, Ill.; W. H. Haney, Belleview, Iowa; J. S. Carpenter, St. Marys, Mich.; H. G. Colson, Middleboro, Ky.; C. A. Bennett, Ionia, Mich.; J. C. Gordon, Crawford, Neb.; J. H. Riggs, Oneill, Neb.; C. L. Dirlan, Clyde, Ohio; M. D. Townsend, Conneaut, Ohio; W. C. Kennedy, Palouse, Wash.

The Shipping Bill.

The shipping bill as passed by the House is radically different from the measure sent to that body by the Senate. It merely authorizes the postmaster general to enter into such a contract for not less than five, nor more than ten years with American citizens for carrying the mails on American steamships between United States ports and foreign ports (the Dominion of Canada excepted) as will subserve and promote the postal and commercial interests of the United States, the mail service to be equitably distributed among the Atlantic, Mexican, Gulf and Pacific ports. The vessels contracted with must be of American build and officered by American citizens.

To Reorganize the Army.

The bill for the reorganization of the army, which Senator Hawley got through the Senate on February 28, is a very important measure. It provides for comprehensive and somewhat radical changes in the army which have long been advocated by military men. The House has passed a bill for a partial reorganization of the army, but it is expected that the Senate bill will be adopted in conference.

Blair to Go to China.

The President on Feb. 27, sent to the Senate the nomination of Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to China. He was immediately confirmed.

51ST CONGRESS—2D SESSION.

Synopsis of the Proceedings for the Past Week.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—In the Senate, among the papers presented and referred, were resolutions of the legislature of Minnesota urging Congress in the interest of commerce and agriculture in the West and in the military and commercial interests of the whole country, to have a ship canal constructed around the falls of Niagara. The sundry civil appropriation bill was then taken up. After a long debate as to the manner of business and the condition of the appropriation bills, Mr. Sherman proposed an executive session; and the doors were closed. After they were reopened, Mr. Plumb, from the conference committee on the District of Columbia appropriation bill, reported that that committee had been unable to agree and a new conference was ordered. The consideration of the sundry civil bill was then proceeded with.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Norton, of Missouri, Senate bill was passed granting pensions to the members of Powell's battalion of mounted volunteers of Missouri, who served in the Mexican war. The direct tax bill was then taken up and passed. The conference report on the naval appropriation bill was agreed to. A further conference was ordered on the District of Columbia appropriation bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—The Senate adjourned on the announcement of the death of Senator F. K. Wilson, of Maryland.

In the House Mr. McKinley reported a resolution, which was adopted, to take up the shipping bill to-morrow, the previous question to be considered ordered at 5 o'clock Friday. The immigration bill was then passed, the senate amendments passed at eight session, and the general deficiency bill taken up.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—In the Senate the sundry civil appropriation bill was passed.

In the House the shipping bill was considered in the day session, and at the night session the deficiency bill was passed.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.—The Senate passed the bill to correct the military record of Representative Morey and the legislative appropriation bill. Democratic objection delayed action on the direct tax bill, and sidetracked the pure food bill.

The House, after a long fight, passed a mail subsidy bill as a substitute for the Senate shipping bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—Both Houses received from the children of Gen. Sherman, letters recognizing the expression of sympathy bestowed by the Congress upon their father. In the Senate, the House amendment to the direct tax bill was agreed to. The House bill giving a pension to the widow of Admiral Porter, was passed, also the Indian appropriation bill, and the bill for the reorganization of the artillery force of the army. Action on the House substitute for the shipping bill was deferred. Conferees were appointed on the sundry civil, legislative and Indian bills. The House bill for the erection of United States prisons was agreed to without amendment. The House appropriation bill was then taken up, and Mr. Frye moved as an amendment a mail subsidy corresponding to the House substitute for the shipping bill, but it was finally agreed to take up the shipping bill the first thing Monday, and the amendments failed. The death of Senator Hearst was announced, resolutions of sympathy passed, and a committee ap-

Continued on 8th page.

FOREIGN MATTERS.

EUROPE'S PEACE THREATENED.

Will a War Follow the Visit of the Empress to Paris?

It is no exaggeration to say that last week was one of the most critical weeks for France and Germany both since the outbreak of the Franco Prussian war of 1870-71.

So early as Tuesday last it began to be felt in several circles that the Empress Frederick was prolonging her stay in Paris to a dangerous extent. The surprise caused by her practically unannounced and sudden arrival, and the curiosity which her movements occasioned, slowly gave way to a feeling of anxiety.

Early in the week a prominent member of the Diplomatic corps privately informed Count Von Munster, the German embassador, that it was evident that the empress was making a mistake in staying so long in Paris. To this the embassador replied: "I am quite of your opinion, but I am powerless to change the situation of affairs."

Then in rapid succession occurred the three events which raised the ire of the Parisians to a dangerous point and which crowned the empress's mission, both in political and artistic sense, with disaster, and actually threatened the peace of Europe.

The first of these events was the drive to Versailles. When the public clamor caused by this drive arose on the day following, the attention of the empress was called to the matter by the wife of one of the prominent members of the diplomatic corps. In reply the Empress Frederick said: "I went there for reasons of sentiment; so many recollections of my husband center there."

This remark was made before the newspapers of this city took up the incident and began by thir unfavorable criticisms of the imperial visitor's action to fan the smoldering spark of discontent into flame.

The second incident or mistake which still further excited the Parisians was the thoughtless removal by an over zealous French officer of a wreath laid on the tomb of Henri Regnault, the celebrated French painter, who died at Buzenval when only 24 years of age, while fighting against the Prussians during the Franco-Prussian war. This caused another outbreak of popular clamor, and another series of articles in the newspapers, commenting unfavorably on the visit to Paris of the mother of the emperor of Germany.

The third incident, and the one that most enraged the Parisians was the publication of the anti-French article in the Cologne *Gazette* of Thursday, and read by the people here at the very moment the ex-empress was driving to the railway station. Then the editorial was coup de grace. It utterly destroyed every vestige of good that might have otherwise been done by the imperial visit.

The French government, naturally, has not done anything in the matter, and neither in the senate nor in the chamber of deputies has a French representative opened his month in regard to the Empress Frederick's visit to Paris.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

Her Time of Leaving Changed to Avoid Insult from the Parisians.

Empress Frederick of Germany, left Paris on the morning of Feb. 27. No unpleasant incident marked her departure. The gravity of the situation, however, can be judged from the fact that, acting under advice from high quarters, the empress changed the line of her route for fear of being insulted by that portion of the populace which had gradually worked itself into a fever heat of rage over the presence of the imperial visitor to Paris.

It was publicly announced that Empress Frederick intended to leave Paris for Calais at 11:30 a. m., but upon the suggestions referred to, she left the German embassy two hours earlier and, entering a carriage, was driven rapidly to the Gare du Nord, where she entered the train which left that depot for Boulogne. The empress, however, will not embark for England at that port, but will proceed from there to Calais, where a royal yacht is awaiting her arrival.

In spite of the precautions taken to avoid an unpleasant demonstration by secluding the exact hour of the empress's departure a secret, several hundreds of people gathered about the Gare du Nord and watched the movements of the empress with considerable interest. The crowd, contrary to general expectation, was civil and quiet, the majority of the men present taking off their hats as the empress passed. There were no insulting cries of any description.

At a reception the previous evening at the residence of M. De Rothschild, M. Garvex, the palace which was erected to the empress. On behalf of the French artists, he expressed the regret that they felt at not being able to send works of art to the Berlin exposition, claiming that the reason for their abstaining from so doing was that they could not place themselves at variance with their colleagues. The empress listened attentively to the explanation given and, in reply, said, in substance, that she appreciated the justice of the French artists motives and accepted them in a friendly spirit of good will, though she regretted that the artists of France were not to be represented at Berlin.

Sounding the Charge.

At the conclusion of the ball in Paris, on March 2, which followed the meeting of M. Deroulede's friends, at which the latter presided, M. Deroulede recited a military poem ending with the words:

"Sonnez la charge—nous les vaincrons!"

The charge was then sounded upon military bugles amid a scene of the wildest enthusiasm.

M. Laisant, during the course of the evening, made a violent speech, concluding with crying: "Down with the allies of Germany!"

THE QUEEN AND HER SON.

A Spat Between Victoria and the Prince of Wales.

A social sensation has been caused by the reports of a verbal fracas between the queen and the prince of Wales at Portsmouth, England. Before going to the launch the prince of

ADDITIONAL WASHINGTON.

Continued from 7th page.

pointed to attend the funeral, and the Senate adjourned till Monday at 9:30 a. m.

In the House, an agreement was made between Republicans and Democrats that the former would not call up any election contests and the latter would not oppose the appropriation bills. Conferees were appointed on the private land claims, the diplomatic and consular, and the copyright bills, the Senate amendments to which were non-concurred in. The bill providing that existing tariff laws shall not affect the treaties between the United States and Hawaii was passed. The death of Senator Hearst was announced, and the House adjourned till 10 a. m. Monday.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—In the Senate the Porter casualty, the Postoffice and Agricultural appropriation bills were passed, also the bills to pay to the widows of Chief Justice Waite and Justice Miller one year's salary. The bill to protect the Hawaiian treaty was passed. Senator Manderson was chosen President pro tem. to succeed Mr. Ingalls.

In the House the bills for the new mint in Philadelphia, and the new custom house in New York were passed, also the bill granting the widow of Admiral Porter $2,000 pension per annum. The conference report on the consular bill was agreed to. The conferees of both houses on the diplomatic, and consular, the legislative, executive and judicial, and the sundry civil bills have agreed. In the Fifty-first congress the appropriation of $25,000 for repairs of the Cincinnati custom house was stricken out.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—As soon as the House was called to order by the chaplain, and the journal of yesterday read by the secretary, the galleries were cleared and the doors were closed for an executive session. This session lasted until 2 o'clock, when the general deficiency appropriation bill was taken up and all the amendments that had been agreed to in committee of the whole last night were agreed to in bulk by a vote of 155 to 4, except as to four that were reserved—including the French spoliation claims and the Pacific railroad claims.

Mr. Pierce offered an amendment appropriating $400,000 for the relief of the citizens of Oklahoma who have been rendered destitute by the unexampled drought of the past season. Agreed to.

Mr. Pierce offered to have an amendment offered, and agreed to, distributing among the various departments of the government a number of census office clerks whose employment might be discontinued. Mr. Mason objected, on the ground that it was a purely legislative subject, and that it interfered with the operation of the civil service rules, these clerks having had to get through the forms of civil service examination.

The first of the reserved amendments (as to payment to the Pacific railroads) was agreed to without a division.

The next reserved amendment was that for the payment of the French spoliation claims. Agreed to—41 to 14.

The last reserved amendment was that striking out of the House bill a paragraph giving a month's extra pay to officers and employes of the Senate and House borne on the annual or on the session rolls. The amendment was disagreed to and the paragraph was retained—yeas 24, nays 38.

Mr. Faulkner moved to add to the paragraph the words "until the official reporters of the Senate make a charge therefor."

Mr. Stewart offered an amendment to reimburse to the states of California, Oregon and Nevada, moneys expended by them in the suppression of the rebellion—$2,440,369 to California, $221,623 to Oregon, and $401,049 to Nevada. The amendment was agreed to without a division.

Mr. Carlisle offered an amendment to the extra months pay paragraph so as to include employes in the law department of the congres sional library. Agreed to.

When the House met after the recess from last night it found that the wear and tear of the heavy mass of the day's work had told heavily upon the reading clerks, and their voices as they read the various measures sent to them were almost inaudible.

Mr. Hutcheson, of Michigan, submitted the conference report on the bill to increase the number of the board of managers of the National Home for disabled volunteers. As agreed to, the bill provides for eleven members, and names the seven to be in addition to those already appointed: Edmund N. Morrill, Alfred L. Pearson, William B. Franklin, John C. Black, George W. Steele, James Burnett, and E. Benjamin Andrews, deceased.

The report gave rise to some discussion, Mr. Outhwaite, of Ohio, desiring to insert the name of Samuel S. Yoder, for that of James Barnett, and Mr. Hainer, of Nebraska, warmly criticising the conference for dropping the name of Gen. Farnham and inserting that of Francis Fessenden, although the latter was his personal friend and a brave and gallant soldier.

Pending action, Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, presented the conference report on the legislative bill. An agreement is reached on all points but one, which is the amendment making Senators' clerks annual employes. The report was adopted and a further conference ordered. The House then resumed consideration of the Hutcheson conference report, and it was agreed to—yeas, 124; nays, 123—the speaker casting the deciding vote.

SENATOR HEARST DEAD.

The Californian Passes Away on Saturday Night.

Senator George Hearst, of California, died at 9:30 o'clock Saturday night, Feb. 28, at Washington, after a lingering illness of many months. He was troubled with complication of diseases, resulting primarily from a serious derangement of the bowels. Acting upon the physician's advice, he yielded himself entirely to medical treatment. A State quiet and rest were strictly enjoined, and his official duties were lightened as much as possible. Notwithstanding the fact that he received the most careful nursing and the most skillful medical attention, a steady and uninterrupted decline was observed, and it was seen several weeks ago that his case was a hopeless one.

The funeral services will be held on Thursday morning. They will take place at the late residence, and will be brief and simple. The day of the funeral is delayed until Thursday so as to enable the members of the Senate and House who desire to attend the funeral to do so without interfering with the pressing business that demands their attention during the few remaining days in which Congress will be in session.

On Thursday night or Friday morning, the exact time not being determined upon as yet, the remains will be taken to the railroad station, deposited in a private car attached to a regular train, and started on their way to San Francisco, where the interment will take place. Mrs. Hearst and her son, and probably some intimate friends of the family, will accompany the remains.

George Hearst was born in Franklin county, Mo., Sept. 3, 1820. His father had gone to that state from North Carolina in 1819. The son received only such a limited education as the common schools afforded in that day. He worked on his father's farm until 1850, when he caught the gold fever and went to California. For several years he was a miner and prospector and subsequently by location and purchase, he became the owner of valuable mining interests and a large employer, having at one time as many as 2,000 men at work in his mines alone and operating quartz mills that crushed 1,000 tons of ore per day. The increase of his wealth was steady and rapid and for some years past his income has been something like $1,000 per day. He has been for a long time chief partner in the extensive mining firm of Hearst, Haggin, Lewis & Co. He owned above 40,000 acres of land in San Luis Obispo county, California, a ranch of 18,000 acres of grazing land in old Mexico, stocked with a very large herd of cattle, and a fine stable of thoroughbred horses. He was also interested in a large tract of land near Vera Cruz, and in railroad building in Mexico. His fortune at the time of his death was estimated at $2,000,000. Mr. Hearst's political life began in 1865, when he was elected to the California legislature, where he served one term. In 1868 he was a candidate before the Democratic State convention at San Jose, Cal., for the nomination for Governor, but was defeated by Gen. Haight, who in turn defeated Low for Governor and when by the death of United States Senator John F. Miller, in 1885, the power of appointing a Senator was given to him he appointed his former opponent for the gubernatorial nomination, Mr. Hearst. The latter was re-elected in 1887 by the California legislature, which was then Democratic, and his term would have expired in 1893. His death gives the Republicans, in their turn, the same advantage which the death of Senator Miller gave the Democrats. While in the senate Mr. Hearst was a man of action, rather than of words. He took little part in the debates, as he suffered from a weak voice, but when he did address the Senate his speeches were always brief but pointed. Senator Hearst leaves a widow and but one child, William R. Hearst, proprietor of the San Francisco *Examiner*. Mr. Hearst was, in person, tall and slender, with blue eyes and long gray beath. He was a good type of the old California pioneer. He was warm-hearted, impulsive and generous, popular with his associates in the Senate, and had many devoted friends.

THE POSTAL SUBSIDY MEASURE.

The Provisions of the Bill as It Reaches the President.

The postal subsidy bill received final action in Congress on March 2, and now goes to the President for his signature. The provisions of the bill in substance are as follows:

The postmaster general is authorized to contract, after due advertisement, with the lowest responsible bidders, for terms of not less than five nor more than ten years, with American citizens, for carrying the mails in American steamships between ports of the United States and such foreign countries as in his judgment will best promote the postal and commerical interest of the United States, the mail service to be distributed equitably among the Atlantic, Mexican, Gulf and Pacific ports. The vessels are to be American-built ships, owned and officered by American citizens; and the crew is to be composed of American citizens in the following proportions: During the first two contract years, one-fourth; the next three one-third, and the remaining time at least one-half. The vessels are to be constructed after the latest and most approved types—divided into four classes, as follows: First class, iron or steel, 20 knot vessels of not less than 8,000 tons. (The American-English mails are to be carried in this class only.) Second class, iron or steel, 14 knot vessels of not less than 2,500 tons; fourth class, iron or steel or wooden, 12 knot vessels, of not less than 1,500 tons.

Vessels of the first, second and third classes are to be constructed with particular reference to prompt and economical conversion into auxiliary naval cruisers on plans approved by the secretary of the Navy, strong enough to carry six-inch rifles and of the highest known maratime rating. The compensation to be paid for mail service is as follows: First class, $4 per mile; second class, $2 per mile, by the shortest practicable route, for each outward voyage; third class, $1 per mile; fourth class, two-thirds of a dollar per mile for the number of miles required by the Postoffice department to be traveled on each outward voyage. Provision is made for deductions on account of omitted voyages or delays, and for the transportation of a mail messenger on each vessel; for carrying apprentices or cadets of American birth (one for each thousand tons); for the use of the United States as transports or cruisers upon payment to the owners of the actual value at the time of the taking and for the assignment to duty on the vessels under furlough pay of naval officers who may volunteer for the service.

YOUR UNCLE SAM'S CASH BOX.

Statement of Its Condition for the Month of February.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—The following is a recapitulation of the public debt statement for February:

Interest-bearing debt:	
Bonds at 4½ per cent	$ 55,848,500
Bonds at 4 per cent	559,560,100
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	98,100
Aggregate of interest-bearing debt, exclusive of U. S. bonds issued to Pacific railroads	$ 615,501,580
Debt on which interest has ceased since maturity	1,671,865
Debt bearing no interest:	
Legal tender notes	$ 346,681,016
Old demand notes	50,032
National Bank Notes:	
Redemption account, (Deposited in Treasury under act July 14, 1890)	47,165,815
Fractional currency, less $8,375,364 estimated as lost or destroyed	6,969,476
Aggregate of debt bearing no interest, including National Bank fund deposited in Treasury under act of July 14, 1890	400,812,389
Certificates issued on deposits of gold and silver coin and legal tender notes:	
Gold certificates	$ 172,274,899
Silver certificates	307,168,474
Silver certificates	12,530,000
Treasury notes of 1890	33,159,700
Aggregate of certificates offset by cash in the Treasury	$ 525,124,073
Aggregate of debt, including certificates, Feb. 1	$1,543,109,858
Decrease of bonded debt during the month	1,567,495 50
Cash in Treasury—reserved for the following purposes:	
For redemption of U. S. notes, acts January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	100,000,000
For redemption of gold certificates issued	172,274,899
For redemption of silver certificates issued	307,168,474
For redemption of currency certificates issued	12,530,000
For redemption of treasury notes, act of July 14, 1890	33,150,700
For matured debt, accrued interest and interest due and unpaid	4,682,213
Total cash reserve for above purposes	$ 630,106,286
Available for other purposes:	
Fractional silver, fractional currency and minor coin not full legal tender	$ 20,698,926
Net available balance, [ending] National Bank fund deposited in the Treasury under act of July 14, 1890	42,714,840
Total	$ 693,520,053
Debt less cash in the Treasury Feb. 28, 1891	849,589,705
Debt less cash in the Treasury Jan. 31, 1891	843,595,045
Net increase of debt during the month	$2,994,730

ON MARCH 3.

Bills Signed by the President up to Tuesday Afternoon.

The President has signed the direct tax bill; the act to prevent bookmaking and pool selling in the District of Columbia; the joint House resolution authorizing Consul General Skidmore to accept a medal conferred upon him by the Emperor of Japan; the act amending the act for the relief of volunteers and regular soldiers of the late war approved March 2, 1889; the act for a bridge across Red river at Alexandria, La.; the act authorizing the Veteran Volunteer Firemens association the use of certain property in the city of Washington; the act granting a pension to the widow of Gen. William H. Hoffman; the act for printing 10,000 additional copies of the work known as the "Growth of Industrial Art;" the act to establish circuit courts of appeals, and to define and regulate, in certain cases, the jurisdiction of the courts of the United States; the act in regard to the treaty of reciprocity with the Hawaiian Islands; the act providing for safe and humane transportation of cattle; the act for the erection of United States prisons, and for the imprisonment of United States prisoners.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS IN IOWA.

Cobbler Hoot Again Chosen Mayor of Waterloo.

Reports from the municipal elections held throughout Iowa on March 2 show that at Iowa City the Democrats made a clean sweep of all the offices except one trustee. Their mayor had 300 majority.

At Fort Madison the Democrats were successful. The city council will stand 8 Democrats to 2 Republicans.

At Ottumwa, the Democrats elect a mayor by 400 majority and make a gain of four in the council, which body will stand, 8 Democrats and 4 Republicans. The Democrats elect all other city officers over the Republican and Citizen tickets.

At Creston, the Democrats elect a mayor and 3 out of 5 aldermen.

At Burlington, only one Republican candidate ran in the city election and he was defeated by a small majority in the Fourth ward. The other candidates were Democrats.

At Mount City the citizens ticket was elected almost unanimously.

At Waterloo, S. J. Hoot was re-elected mayor by a vote of 500 to 409. Two years ago Hoot was working on a cobbler's bench when he was elected mayor, largely through the votes of the Knights of Labor. The entire general city ticket elected is Democratic except the treasurer. The council, however, is largely Republican.

At Cedar Falls a republican mayor was elected.

At LaPorte City a straight Republican ticket was elected.

Boone elects a Republican mayor and treasurer, and a Democratic attorney and assessor.

John R. Henderson, Democrat, was elected mayor of Cedar Rapids over Jos. S. Anderson, Republican, by 253 majority. The Democrats elect five aldermen and the Republicans four.

The Call Issued.

President John M. Thurstin, of the Republican league of the United States has issued a call for its fourth annual convention to be held at Cincinnati, O., beginning at noon April 21, 1891.

FOREIGN MATTERS.

Continued from 7th page.

hand at taking advantage of the excited state of the public mind and is said to be hard at work with his friends concocting an anti-German manifesto in Brussels, where he is now staying.

HAWAII.

The Fair Young Queen Will Have a Stormy Road.

A Honolulu letter, dated February 18, says: "The affairs are in a critical condition. Serious troubles are certain to come sooner or later. A threatening anonymous letter was published this morning, addressed to Justice Judd, and warning him that the queen's life was in danger. It is an open secr t that the letter was written by Robert Wilcox, the revolutionist, for the purpose of inaugurating public demonstration against the queen. Just before the Charleston sailed it was reported that the queen had selected a new cabinet as follows: Mr. Wilson, premier and minister of interior; Samuel Parker, minister of foreign affairs; Mr. Curtins, minister of finance; Mr. Whiting, attorney general. The queen has not yet appointed the heir apparent to the throne.

"The United States flagship Charleston, which arrived on Feb. 23 from Honolulu, after a pas-age of ten days, brings word that the Hawaiian ministry refused to resign, and that Queen Liliuokaloni has appealed to the Supreme court of Hawaii to oust them. Affairs otherwise progressing quietly.

The funeral of King Kalakaua took place on the 16th inst. The funeral ceremonies began in the throne room of the palace, and services were according to the ritual of the Episcopal church. The bishop of Honolulu, and all the clergy of the city participated.

IN IRELAND.

The Election Contest Progressing and it is a Warm Struggle.

The Parnellite campaign in Ireland progresses apace. The McCarthyites delay in taking the field is a bad augury for their future. Ted Harrington, Mr. Redmond and others are changing their attitude of forbearance towards the priests' opposition and turn the clergy that they will no further tolerate their hostility tamely.

Speaking yesterday at Tralee, Mr. Harrington said that the priests must confine themselves to their private duties; that their dictation in politics did not suit the people, who would not make war on the priests, but the priests should not make war upon the people. Mr. Redmond used similar language at Roscommon. The *Freeman* asserts that the priests, despite the bishops, are returning to allegiance to the league, and that 50 clergymen of the Dublin diocese have already intimated their adhesion to the Parnell party.

Forcasting the result of the party duel, the Parnellites maintain that even if they secure only thirty members of the house of commons, Mr. Gladstone will be compelled to buy their support before carrying home rule. Intimates of Mr. Parnell say that worry is killing him. His former ghastly aspect and ill health have returned. He speaks hurriedly, some times being confused at a loss for a word.

Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien are still in the prison infirmary, but not confined to bed. They are supplied with writing materials and books.

A GREAT LOSS OF LIFE

Additional Advices Received From Chili.

Advices received from Chili Feb 26 state that the bombardment of Iquique by the insurgents was productive of great loss of life and heavy damage to property. When the rebels entered the city, they attacked the stores and residences on six of the principal squares and completely wrecked them.

The buildings had afforded shelter to a large number of women and children, but the insurgents, heedless of the rules governing civilized warfare, gave them no chance to escape and pursued their work of destruction regardless of the frantic endeavors of the helpless occupants to seek a place of safety. It is known that 200 women and children perished in the ruins of the sacked buildings.

The insurgents seized the custom house, and then pillaged all the principal houses in the city. After Gen. Soto, the commander of the government forces, had surrounded the city, the rebel leaders landed more troops from their vessels for the purpose of holding the place, and despatched a force into the country with the object of meeting and engaging the government troops.

A General Election.

The members of the English ministry who advocate a dissolution of parliament urge as a reason for a general election that the government can go to the country at the close of the present session, having on its side all the advantage of the split which has occurred in the Irish parliamentary party. They also urge that this advantage will be enhanced by the popularity of the government, gained by the existence of the labor commission and by the good budget records, which, it's generally believed, are not likely to endure for another year.

Canadian Trade.

The Canadian trade and navigation returns for 1890, were issued on Feb. 27. The exports were $97,749,149, and the imports $128,858,241. The imports increased last year by $7,500,000, and the exports increased about the same. The balance of trade against Canada was $25,109. Canada's exports to the United States were $40,000,000 and imports $52,000,000.

Fonseca is Prealdent.

The election of Gen. de Fonseca as president of the United States of Brazil took place in the Federal congress on Feb. 26. He received a majority of 23 votes.

The Yuma Flood.

he river at Yuma, Arizona, which has been on a rampage recently, has fallen to almost the level of the water before the last flood. News from the valleys says that everything is under water and much destruction to property resulted. The Gila river changed its course in several places. At Gila city the railroad track is covered for miles by water ten feet deep.

The statement is made that the great loss of life here is untrue and absolutely incorrect. One man so far is known to have been drowned. Report of deaths of others in the valley are reported, but not yet confirmed.

Mormons Leaving Utah.

A regular exodus of Mormons from Utah to Mexico is quietly taking place, and within the next three months a large number of the saints will have left. The Mormons have a tract of land in the state of Chihuahua, 125 miles long and fifteen miles wide, which they are settling upon. A party of sixty will leave Provo early in April. A large number of the saints are preparing to go, the result to "live in their religion." The head of the church is said to be encouraging this emigration and putting up funds for those who desire to emigrate.

No Pennsylvania Strike.

The limited concessions of the Pennsylvania company to their men were accepted and all threatened trouble has disappeared for the time at least. These concessions were talked over by the several heads of the railroaders' organizations, and at a meeting of the general grievance committee, at Pittsburg, on February 28, they were formally accepted. A committee of four waited on General Manager Wood, of the Pennsylvania company, and informed him verbally of the fact.

Republicans for Blaine.

A poll of the Missouri House on preferences for presidential candidates resulted: Cleveland 85, Palmer 10, Boles 7, Gray 1. Eleven were noncommittal and 11 against Cleveland. The Republicans were unanimous for Blaine.

Honoring Sherman.

The board of aldermen of New York city has passed a resolution naming the triangular space at Seventy-third street and the boulevard "Sherman Place" in memory of the late general.

GENERAL NEWS.

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN'S ESTATE.

No Will Being Found, Application Is Made for Administration.

W. T. Sherman was a man of markedly methodical business habits, yet no will made by him can be found. His son, Father T. E. Sherman, has applied through Harry R. Hoyt, of New York, for administration of his estate. His other son, P. T. Sherman, has been sick and confined to his room since the funeral, but when he recovers his health he will join in the application of his brother.

Directly after the return on Monday last of the family from the funeral of Gen. Sherman, at St. Louis, a search for the will was made. Gen. Sherman's cabinet, secret drawers and masses of paper were with the aid of Mr. Barrett, who was his private secretary, ransacked in vain. After a thorough investigation both of the sons were convinced that no will was in existence. Gen. Sherman had no legal representatives in New York. In fact, he "fought shy" of legal matters. In St. Louis his confidential counsel was Col. H. Hitchcock, who was on his staff during the war. Col. Hitchcock had charge of the general's funeral in St. Louis, and he had nothing to say to the family about a will, though he would undoubtedly have given it to them before their return to New York if it had been in his possession. Father Sherman said to a reporter last night that he expected that he and his brother would be the administrators of the estate.

The general was not a rich man. He had his pay of $13,000 a year to live on, but so far as is known he has not left much money. His real estate consists of his house in New York at 75 West Seventy-first street, a house and some lots in St. Louis, and a farm in Illinois. In personal estate t ere are his published "Memoirs" and a valuable collection of papers and letters. General Sherman all along retained possession of the copyright and plates of the work, and they will, of course, go to the family. In case of an equitable division of his whole property, it would be apportioned in sixths among P. T. Sherman and T. E. Sherman, his sons, and Miss Lizzie and Miss Rachel Sherman, and Mrs. Fitch and Mrs. Thakara, his daughters. Father Sherman intimated, however, that he and his brother would probably surrender their shares in order to insure that their sisters would be provided for.

About a year ago Gen. Sherman had an offer of $50,000 for the use of his letters, documents and records, and he declined it. The *Century Magazine*, Charles L. Webster & Co., and other publishers are now anxious to secure the use of the papers, and they will undoubtedly be given to the public sooner or later.

SECRETARY WINDOM'S ESTATE

Will Afford But a Small Income to His Widow.

An informal meeting of several bankers was held on February 21, in New York city, to devise means for raising a testimonial fund for the widow of Secretary Windom. Information was received through Senator Washburn and Stephen B. Elkins, that the estate of the late secretary of the Treasury would afford an annual revenue of only $3,500. One-third of this sum, according to the will, was to go to Mrs. Windom, while the rest was to be divided among the three children, one of whom is a married man and an invalid. It was accordingly determined to raise a testimonial of $50,000, and last Monday at the Union League club subscription lists were prepared, and $14,500 was subscribed.

A member of the committee said to a reporter to-day: "We are very sorry that this matter has got out. We have done our best to keep it quiet, because it is of a delicate nature and Mrs. Windom is a lady of the most refined sensibilities. It would be a poor compliment to the people of this country, however, if they, especially of the financial circles, were to allow the widow of one who has done so much for our finances to be in the circumstances described. If this must be made public, you might as well give the exact figures as they are. We already have $30,000 subscribed, and we want to round it out into an even $50,000, or even more if the people feel so disposed. To this end we will be glad to receive subscriptions from anybody and everybody.

AID FOR MISS ANNA DICKINSON.

Her Poverty Unknown to the Members of the Woman's Council.

Fair managers of the Woman's Council, who remained at Washington, to attend the Woman's Suffrage convention, express the utmost sympathy for Miss Anna Dickinson, who recently became insane and was taken from her home in Wellston, Pa., to the Danville insane asylum. Most of the women have been so busy all the week that they have not read the newspapers, and few were aware until to-day of the misfortune which recently befell their sister. Susan B. Anthony, vice president-at-large of the Woman's Suffrage association, was seen by a correspondent at the Riggs House and asked if the women of the association intended to take any steps to alleviate the unhappy condition of Miss Dickinson. Miss Anthony exclaimed in astonishment:

"What is the matter with her?" When informed she said: "It can't be true. She has had many serious illnesses before, and it cannot be that this has occurred now. I do not believe it. If, however, Miss Dickinson is in a position in which she will need assistance, I am sure the women of the country will come nobly to her relief. The association, as such, could not assist her, but individually, I am sure, the members would not permit her to suffer without succor." A subscription will be started for her relief among the women of the association.

COL. THOMAS S. CASEY IS DEAD.

A Prominent Illinois Attorney and Soldier Passes Away.

Col. Thomas S. Casey, a prominent attorney of Springfield, Illinois, died on March 2 of lung fever, after a short illness. He served with distinction during the civil war, and was a member of the state legislature, both in houses, from 1871 to 1875. The deceased was the son of the Hon. Zadoc Casey a distinguished citizen of the state who for ten years was a Congressman from Illinois, and was formerly speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives.

Col. Casey, leaves a widow and two daughters, Mrs. Daniel C. Nugent, of St. Louis, and Mrs. Baker, wife of Lieut. D. J. Baker, of the United States army, stationed at Fort Yates, N. D.

SENATOR E. K. WILSON DEAD.

His Term of Office Would Have Expired on March 4.

Senator E. K. Wilson, of Maryland, who had been indisposed for the past two days, died suddenly at the Hamilton house, Washington, on Feb. 25, of heart failure.

Senator Wilson was born in Snow Hill, Md., December 22, 1821. He was graduated at Jefferson college in 1841 and studied law. In 1852 he was a presidential elector on the Democratic ticket. He was a judge of the Maryland circuit court from 1878 till 1884 when he was elected United States Senator. His term would have expired March 4, 1891.

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Cure SICK HEADACHE.
25 Cents a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

MRS. LOGAN TAKES A HAND.

Her Advice to Republicans in the Senatorial Fight.

Mrs. Gen. John A. Logan has taken a hand in the Illinois senatorial fight. Senator Crawford received the following telegram from her on February 26 from Washington: "Better be defeated by an organized, honorable opposition than to be demoralized and disorganized by an ignoble surrender of principle. Stand firmly together and command the respect of intelligent people, even though you might be temporarily unsuccessful. It is against reason, sense and all usage that a minority so small should dictate to a great majority of recognized honorable representatives of honest principles."

A Sensation Caused in the Nebraska House.

At the session of the Nebraska House, on March 2, the petition of the Omaha clearing house for the enactment of a law abolishing penalties for usury, had been brought up, Sprader, chairman of the judiciary committee, said that he knew that a large sum of money had been raised by the bankers to defeat the passage of the usury bill, and that he had been offered a large amount if he would aid in the defeat of such a measure.

The petition was referred to the committee on banks and currency. The committee's report recommending the passage of the bill conferring upon women the right of municipal suffrage was adopted by a vote of 45 to 43, twelve not voting.

The committee of the whole recommended the passage of a memorial to Congress asking for the enactment of such laws as may be necessary to transfer railroad and telegraph lines to the possession of the general government.

Metcalf Censured for His Action in Charging Bribery.

The Washington special House committee, appointed to investigate the charge of bribery of Representative John L. Metcalf by Representative Harry A. Clarke during the late Senatorial campaign, have made a report to the House. When the House was about to ballot for a United States Senator, Metcalf arose in his seat and displayed $500 in bills saying he had been paid the money by Clarke to vote for W. H. Calkins for United States senator. The report censures Metcalfe and recommends that the House deal with him as seems just. It finds that Clarke offered the bribe and requests the grand jury to indict him. A resolution was introduced expelling Metcalfe from the House, but no action was taken.

Patrons of Industry.

The convention of Michigan Patrons of Industry at Lansing, on February 27, adopted a resolution submitting the question of taking independent political action to the supreme council meeting here next month, with a recommendation in favor of its adoption. They also arranged for a series of lectures in the interest of the order, similar to those of the state grange.

The following officers were elected: President, A. S. Partridge, Genesee; vice president, Thomas Pickett, Isabella; secretary, Jno. E. Taylor, Montcalm; treasurer, J. J. England, Tuscola; Member of finance committee, Dubois Conkling, Kent; Sentinel, P. A. Daniels, Tuscola.

The Nebraska Legislature.

In committee of the whole the Nebraska House has recommended for passage the anti-pass bill. The bill declares it to be unlawful for any railroad company to give a pass, or to give or carry free any person over 8 years of age, excepting railroad employes. It is also made unlawful to accept a pass or to ride free. Fine or imprisonment is made the penalty of violation. Church Howe rose in his place and suggested that, as a crowning act of the great reform, that all the members come forward and publicly destroy their passes. He emphasized his motion by tearing up his own. The eight-hour bill was passed.

Indiana Laws.

The Indiana Senate spent February 28 in considering the fee and salary bill. The House passed a bill requiring foreign insurance companies to report to the state auditor all risks taken within the state; also a bill permitting surburban street railways to use the tracks of the city railways in entering the city and reaching the business center; also a bill to re-organize the state board of agriculture. Both houses agreed to the conference report on the bill requiring mined coal to be weighed before screening, and prohibiting the employment in mines of boys under 14 years of age.

Arkansas Election Law.

The Arkansas election bill, to apply to all elections hereafter held in that state, which passed the House Feb. 25, passed the Senate on Feb. 28, with only six dissenting votes, and the governor has approved it. So far as possible under the state constitution, it closely conforms with the Australian system, providing for the secret ballot and a sworn official to prepare ballots for illiterates, or persons physically disabled. No educational, property, or poll tax or registration qualification is imposed, all these being expressly forbidden by the constitution.

Nebraska Stock Yard Bill.

The Nebraska House has passed the stock yards bill. It makes all stock yards public markets, and places all persons on exactly the same footing in their dealings. The governor is to appoint inspectors, who shall not charge more than twelve cents per car. Yarding fees are fixed: For cattle, 15c; hogs, 5c; sheep, 3c, per head. Feed must not be sold for more than the market price. Commissions are fixed as follows: Cattle, $8; hogs, $5 for single deck, and $8 for double deck; sheep, $4 for single and $7 for double deck cars.

The Illinois Contest.

When the Illinois joint Assembly met on March 3, one Republican and one Democrat were absent, being unavoidably delayed en route to the capital. The 134th ballot resulted: Palmer 100, Streeter 88, Oglesby 10, Wulf 8; Tindley 2, Gresham 1.

Another ballot was taken with but slight change in the result, and the Joint Assembly then adjourned.

Wisconsin Laws.

The Wisconsin assembly has passed bills providing for a national guard retired list and reducing the interest on tax certificates from 25 to 12 per cent. In the Senate the Republican child labor measure was killed by a party vote.

Solid Democratic State.

The congressional appointment committee of the Arkansas legislature has agreed upon a measure roviding for redistricting the state. The bill makes all the districts democratic.

The Australian System.

The bill adopting the Australian system has passed the South Dakota legislature and become a law, with the governor's approval.

MUST LEAVE THE STRIP.

Bushyhead and Jordan Ordered to Move On.

Ex-Chief Bushyhead and John Jordan, who have figured as speculators in the Cherokee outlet, have received a letter from the Interior department insisting upon their leaving the Cherokee strip. Bushyhead and Jordan leased a stone quarry in the strip near Arkansas City, Kas., and have been working it. They protest against being removed, and this letter is in reply to their protest. Secretary Noble encloses a long opinion by Assistant Attorney General Shields sustaining his position in the matter.

IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.

Signing a Man's Name to a Mileage Book Is Not Forgery.

The District court of Iowa county at Des Moines, has decided that the siguing of a man's name to a railway mileage book by another party is not a forgery. The case arose over the theft from a commercial traveler of a Chicago & Northwestern mileage book, which was sold to a Chicago scalper, who in turn sold it to the man who presented it. It was taken up by the conductor and fare collected. Suit was brought by the irate traveling man and the road set up the plea of forgery, which was overruled.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—There was again a movement of gold to Europe last week, and the circumstances in New York are considered as indicating the probability of a continuation of shipments. If a demand were to spring up in Europe for American stocks and other securities, this demand would very probably so far affect the rates of exchange as to no longer permit the outflow of gold; and there is a very reasonable expectation that such a demand will arise, under the present prospects as to railway earnings and business development in general.

The indications, aside from this one feature of gold shipments, favor easy money. We are increasing the currency, through the operations of the new silver law, at the rate of four and a half million dollars per month. The bank reserves a week ago showed over $15,000,000 surplus above the legal reserves, which is some twelve millions more than the banks held a year ago. Then, too, the accumulations of the Treasury are likely to reappear in circulation in March, through the pension payments, and other outgoes.

The money market was firmer, however, last week in New York, as indicated in our last weekly review. Money loaned on call at from 4½ to 2 per cent, the average being above 3 per cent, which was the figure for renewals. Time money was in fair supply, but the demand increased and the weak closed with the rates firm at 4 per cent from 60 to 90 days, 4½ per cent for 4 months, and 5 per cent for 5, 6 and 7 months, secured by good Stock Exchange collateral. The European money markets remained without essential change.

STOCKS.—The New York stock market presents a scene of continued extreme dullness. There is not one feature of note to disturb the stagnation. HENRY CLEWS & Co.'s weekly circular, dated Saturday, February 28, says:

The causes that have depressed the stock market for the last three weeks still continue in force. The disposition to defer speculation until after the adjournment of Congress is general, and the volume of transactions has fallen to about one-third the average amount. How far the inactivity is really due to the uncertainty as to what Congress may do how far to other causes, must be left for events to determine; but it is quite possible that the reason ostensibly assigned for the deferment of transactions is made to do service for other influences.

February is usually a dull month; and whatever improvement the adjournment of Congress may bring is likely to be more or less counteracted by the hardening of the money market that usually occurs in March and culminates in the first week of April. While, therefore, the market is likely to exhibit more activity after the 4th of March, yet it is not unlikely that we may have to wait until the beginning of April for any really active and well-sustained movement in stocks; after which we may expect three or four months of uninterrupted ease in money, with a fair chance for recovery in the prices of securities.

SILVER.—There was a slight reaction from the sharp decline of the previous week in the silver market in New York. On Saturday, February 21, silver bullion was quoted at 44⅝d. in London, and 96¼ cents in New York; on February 28, at 44⅝d. in London, and 97 cents in New York. The stock of bullion on hand in New York city is now 6,781,086 ounces. How much is held in the country privately, in excess of this is a matter of conjecture, but it is believed to be nearly an equal amount.

STATE OF TRADE FOR THE WEEK.

Condition of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade, dated New York, Feb. 28, says: There is not much change in the condition of trade, but there is a little more dullness in the south and in the northwest, with a little more stringency in money markets and complaint about slowness of collections.

In general, business is still hesitating. The larger cause is undoubtedly the partial loss of crops, which has left a great many farmers without means for the usual purchases. At the same time the collapse of the real estate boom which so wildly inflated prices throughout the west and south has affected business more than has yet been realized. To this influence is added at the south the extremely low price of cotton, which affects farmers the more because so many of them tried by holding back their crops, to force a higher level of prices.

Business at eastern cities has been fairly regular. The wool trade is strengthened by comparative scarcity, and prices of some grades are higher. The knit goods manufacture has gained most. Trade is dull in cotton. The glass trade is fair at Pittsburg and light at Philadelphia. In general, at eastern cities a marked decrease in building has caused dullness in markets for all materials.

This is in part, the cause for the recent slackening in the iron business, though the coke strike has now produced more inquiry for pig iron and for all products of iron and steel. Steel rails do not move because buyers doubt the permanence of the combination. Coal is dull. There is no change in the minor metals. There has been an advance in the average prices of all commodities amounting to half of 1 per cent for the week, but it has been almost exclusively in products of which crops were short.

The price of wheat has not advanced, western receipts continuing heavy, while exports are light; but corn has risen 2½c and oats 1¾c. A speculative advance of over ½c is also seen in coffee. The exports of merchandise from New York for the four weeks have been 14 per cent less than for the same period last year, and imports also decrease about 10 per cent.

The business failures throughout the country during the past seven days number 290, as against 297 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 301.

Indiana Crops.

Advices received by the Indiana state board of Agriculture indicate that the growing wheat crop has not undergone any material change, and the prospect for more than an average crop is the most flattering for several years. The warm, wet weather has been favorable to a luxuriant growth, and the roots are believed to be sufficiently well protected to stand the changeable weather of